

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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## ONE MAN'S 12 MILLION TREES

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### SUMMER'S LAST FLING

#### THE BONFIRES OF THE HEATHS AND COMMONS

Extraordinary September  
Scenes in the Countryside

#### THE RAIN PUTS OUT THE FIRE

The glorious summer ended in a blaze of fireworks, just before the rain.

Heath fires, forest fires, common fires, lit up the departing days of sunshine, rounding off the drought in a way that all will remember.

The thirsty ground had been simmering since the gorse began to bloom, and in one part of England had burst into flame in late spring. Ashdown Forest still bears the marks of that premature bonfire, which was not wholly due to Nature's carelessness but owed something to foolish malice. In many other places, from Middlesex to Yorkshire, the heath and furze smouldered during the heat of July and August.

#### In the Black Mountains

Scattered rain for a few days of August checked the mischief, but when the pleasant days seemed almost ended, and the harvest was all but gathered in, summer took a new lease, and the dry Earth, gasping for water again, prepared for the worst.

It came with the dawn of a perfect September. The thermometer flew up again to 80 degrees. The fires responded. There were small ones and big ones, but hardly any place with fuel to burn escaped.

A forest fire broke out in the Black Mountains of Bracknock on the same day that the gorse of Mitcham Common was well alight; and flames were roaring over the trees and bracken of the land leading to Ivinghoe Beacon in the Vale of Aylesbury. These were small efforts by comparison with others which were to follow. Wimbledon Common was one of the minor contributors to the festival of flame.

#### The Hampshire Outbreak

Hampshire surpassed these puny beginnings by the outbreak which raged across the heaths between Blackwater and Hartford Bridge on the London-to-Southampton Road. It lit up the country for miles around with its glare, and after smouldering for a day broke out with renewed force.

It was fought all night and day by troops called out from Aldershot aiding firemen, policemen, and estate workers. The soldiers fought it like the enemy it was, 1000 of them working in relays, and calling in motor-cycle despatch riders to note and check its advance at various points. The fire-fighters had to work here and there in gas-masks. They dug trenches to stop its onward march. In some places there was nothing to be done except to let the fire have its way

and burn itself out in one direction, so as to save another region.

In spite of all attempts to restrain the Hampshire fires more than 400 acres planted by the Forestry Commission at Bramshill were destroyed. Miles of Crown Lands went under, and the soldiers had to wade through a bog to hold up the onset.

Next to suffer was West Surrey, where 1000 acres of woodland lying between Tilford and Frensham in Surrey's lake-land were laid waste. Four heath fires took up the ill work near Ascot, and, as if by pre-concerted signal, others were lit at the same time at Chobham, at Ripley Common, at Westhorpe Park, where the Marlow-Bourne End Road was made impassable, at Fairlight near Hastings, and at Martlesham in Suffolk.

Even these were the prelude only. The second September week-end ushered in a new outburst, ranging in patches over a vast area of Southern England but having outposts as far afield as Monmouth. But just after the fire fiend had prepared for a new burst by threaten-

ing golf courses at Hayling Island and at Camberley, while establishing new jumping-off places in the New Forest, Berks, and Essex, the rain came down. Never was rain more welcome.

When the lovely summer assumed this fiery complexion the feeling was general that England was having too much of a good thing.

In one outbreak 13,000 trees perished; in another a mile of hose was used to put fires out, soldiers gave up manoeuvres to fight a more destructive foe, and at the end we had to depend on Mother Nature to put an end to what she had begun.

Nature was not the only beginner, though we learn that one origin of these fires lies in the peat, which, smouldering and fermenting through many days of heat, bursts at last spontaneously into flame. But a match carelessly thrown down, sparks from an engine, picnickers, and mischievous small boys all contribute to the beginnings of these devastating outbreaks. We can only be thankful the end has come.

### We Two in the Highlands



These two girls took part in the dancing competition at the Aboyne Highland Games

### THE THIRTY THOUSAND

#### AND THE ONE WHO WATCHED

The Boys Brigade Celebrates  
Its Jubilee at Glasgow

#### A MESSAGE TO 1983

It was in Glasgow that William Alexander Smith, a Sunday School teacher, founded the Boys Brigade.

It was to Glasgow, therefore, that 30,000 officers and boys of the Brigade made their way for the greatest event of their Jubilee Year, the massed assembly.

Their march past Prince George in 17 battalions, with bands and pipers playing, was a magnificent performance. Proudest of all the battalions was the Glasgow one, for it includes the 1st Glasgow Company, the nucleus of the whole brigade, and has a son of the founder as its captain today.

*Standing watching was one of the original members of this company, Canon J. B. Hill, who, with nine others, is left of that little band of fifty years ago.*

In the evening our old friend Lord Aberdeen, on behalf of the officers of the Brigade, handed to Colonel Roxburgh, the retiring president, his portrait in oils, and to the new president, Lord Home, he handed a sealed casket not to be opened for fifty years, for it contains a message for the Brigade Centenary in 1983 from the Brigade boys of 1933.

#### Needed More Than Ever

In its first fifty years the Brigade has grown steadily to nearly 112,000 members, and it is needed more than ever in these difficult days.

All this happened on the Saturday, and Sunday saw one of the biggest religious services ever held in Scotland. Quite 100,000 people, including the 30,000 Brigade boys and officers, assembled in Glasgow's Hampden Park, while over 30,000 more crowded the fields and highways and listened to the service through loud-speakers.

Dr MacLean Watt, head of the Church of Scotland, took the service and addressed his vast congregation on the importance of discipline and religion, and as the preachers of old used to point their sermons with the pictures on the church walls or the carvings on the cross outside, so Dr Watt could with a wave of his hand show what such training meant to 30,000 men and boys.

#### LINDBERGH'S DRINK

We have just read of a supper party given to Colonel and Mrs Lindbergh in Stockholm, where the others drank "schnaps" and beer, but the airman drank milk.

No one could call the first man to fly the Atlantic alone a milk-sop.

Sweden is amazed, but she does not laugh at the milk-drinking Ace.



## KHAMA'S SON TROUBLE IN AN AFRICAN CITY

An Enlightened Chief Who  
Transgressed the Law

### FLOGGING A WHITE MAN

Sad perplexity and trouble have descended on Bechuanaland, the British Protectorate in South Africa made famous by that noblest of Africans, King Khama, a warrior who became a Christian and by high example and unwearying endeavour banished drink from his country and strengthened British influence there.

Khama is dead; his successor is dead, leaving his little son as heir; and Tshekedi, a younger son of Khama, was appointed Regent during the king's minority. He is the Christian son of a Christian mother, well educated, a member of the Church, and main support of all good works for the children and adults of the Protectorate.

### The Case Against Tshekedi

Now there has been living at Serowe, the chief Bechuanaland town, a white man who is said to have adopted native ways of living, but to have disgraced himself, so as to set an evil example to the natives. Tshekedi is stated to have made complaints to the white authorities respecting this man's ill conduct and to have failed to secure redress against him.

Finally he took the law into his own hands, treated him as though he were a native, summoned him before a native court, and, the case having been heard against him, sentenced him to flogging. The man was beaten by natives in the public street before two chiefs drove off his assailants and rescued him.

Native chiefs are not allowed to try or to punish white men; for whom courts composed of trained white law officers exist. White people are outnumbered a thousand to one by natives in the country, and if one flogging of a white by natives were permitted a dangerous precedent endangering law-abiding Europeans might be created.

### The Judgment of Admiral Evans

The case has been tried on the spot by the famous Antarctic explorer and sea-fighter Admiral Evans, who went to the scene with an armed force and heard the evidence.

The result was that he banished two white men from Bechuanaland.

He suspended Tshekedi from his Regency, banished him from the capital, and caused a new Regent to be elected in his place. Admiral Evans, acting as High Commissioner in the absence of the permanent holder of that office, pronounced Tshekedi an extremely capable chief, quite able to deal with his people, but selfish in the assertion of what he considered his rights and privileges, and given to conflict with the Administration, so making harmonious working of the laws impossible.

Tshekedi, whose chief friend is an English missionary, and who has been to London, was given a sympathetic send-off by European residents in Bechuanaland. He is appealing, on points of law, to the Colonial Office against his judge's decision, and when these lines appear he may be on his way to England to present his case.

The matter is one of much difficulty and delicacy, and is entirely regrettable, and there is widespread sympathy with Tshekedi. A good friend of the C.N. has been his host and his guest, and has nothing but admiration for his character.

### THE CONQUEROR

Miss Andree Saulais is only 14, and she is blind, but she has just won the shorthand typing contest held at Aulany-sous-Bois, near Paris.

The C.N. congratulates the girl who conquered bad luck instead of grumbling about it.

## THE ARTIST AND HIS COLOURS SOMETHING VERY NEW Why Not Use Three Colours Only For All Pictures? SIMPLIFYING THE PAINT BOX

Something very new is being launched among artists, nothing less than an idea which is likely to cause a revolution in an artist's technique.

In a lecture to the Optical and Physical Societies of London by Dr Ives, one of the great physicists of the famous Bell Telephone Laboratories in New York, an idea for artists to paint with three colours only is put forward, and pictures painted with these three primary paints are shown.

It is well known to those in the printing trades that a picture in colour can be made with three printings only, a magenta image being printed on the top of a yellow one, and a bluish-green image printed on the top of that. With these three colours it is possible to reproduce all the colours in Nature, and from this fact has come the idea that artists should use the same three colours instead of the ten or twelve they have used for centuries.

### An Immense Simplification

The enormous progress which has been made in recent years in the manufacture of paints and pigments has made it possible to produce three such primary colours for artists, and it is believed that by confining painting to these simple colours an immense simplification of the training of artists will come about. Black and white may be added, though a mixture of the three colours of the colour printer can give a perfect black.

It was Thomas Young who propounded the theory that the eye sees all colours by means of three sets of nerves which respond roughly to blue-violet, green, and orange. The opposite colours to these, which are used by colour printers, are yellow, magenta, and bluish-green. If these are all that is needed by the colour printer, and our modern three-colour illustrations are wonderfully good and accurate, why should the artist want more?

Anyway, the bombshell is now thrown among the artistic and scientific world.

## IN WALKED MATRON How She Drove the Terror Away

One of Stepney's beloved labourers has passed on.

Miss Mowatt, the matron of St Peter's Hospital, will be remembered with gratitude, not only by hundreds of patients but by the many staffs that have worked under her.

She had a genius for bringing out the best qualities of everyone.

In wartime during the Zeppelin raids the bed-ridden patients in the top-floor wards were almost frantic with terror. One of them told a friend of the C.N. how, when the noise began, they trembled all over, some of them cried, and all longed to run away somewhere.

But in walked Matron. She stopped at each bed and asked the patients about their particular pains, or about their relations, and she did not appear to notice the raid. When she left them it seemed that she had carried away their terror with her.

After the war Miss Mowatt was talking about the raids, and astonished one of the patients by saying, "Oh, I was such a coward. When the raids began my whole inside seemed to turn. I just stood up and said,

*Oh, God, You must do it. I am terrified, but You can save my poor patients in my top-floor wards. Please help them, Lord God. I cannot.*

Of such stuff are heroes made, and for such as Mary Mowatt is made the Kingdom of Heaven.

## THE BUSY BEES Extraordinary Scene in a Bedroom OLD LADY'S EXCITING ADVENTURE

An old Danish lady named Mrs Hansen has lately gone through a terrifying experience. She was attacked in her bed by thousands of bees, and only escaped with her life as by a miracle.

Mrs Hansen is a widow living alone in a flat in one of Copenhagen's suburbs. The other inhabitants of the house are all about her own age, for it is a Home founded by the Locksmiths for retired members or their widows.

Early in the summer these residents discovered that there were wild bees in the house. Mrs Hansen had not been unduly upset by the discovery; she had spent 25 years of her married life in India and thought she had seen worse things. Fly-tox or petrol were all she needed to rid the flat of its unwelcome visitors, she thought.

But she soon discovered her mistake. The more bees she killed the more there seemed to be. They crawled and crept and buzzed round her and, even worse, they filled the place with a most unpleasant odour. Gradually, too, they were becoming incensed over her attacks, and retaliated where they could.

### A Dreadful Night

So there came the dreadful night when she lay in her bed overcome by the foul air and unable to rise while the angry bees swarmed and buzzed about her, stinging wherever they could reach her. She was convinced that her last hour had come and resigned herself to the inevitable. She took off her rings, she said afterwards, folded her hands, and waited for the end.

Fortunately help came before the end, and the next day official assistance was called in to rid the house of the pest which had ended by making it uninhabitable. The expert who answered the summons worked for a whole week before he finished the work. At a rough computation, from 40,000 to 50,000 bees had been killed, all of which had come from the one swarm which twelve months before had quietly slipped into the cracks between the window-sill and the wall.

## A LEAGUE FLAG FLYING First Experience of a World Police NEW IDEA AT WORK

In one corner of the world today regular army troops are under the direct command of a League of Nations Commission, and a League flag is flying.

The flag is plain white with the words in dark blue letters: "League of Nations Commission, Leticia." It flies side by side with the flag of Colombia, and the Colombian soldiers under these colours wear armlets to indicate the authority under which they serve.

Happily they are soldiers of peace, their whole duty being to keep order in this corner of Colombia where the Peruvians made trouble last spring.

This is the first time a League Commission (four men from four nations) has taken over the administration of a territory, with troops placed at its disposal and a League flag flying. It is a new service that is being rendered to the world, an international way of restoring order and one that may become more and more utilised as it is proved to be valuable.

It is, in a word, the first time that the League has carried out the idea of a World Police Force, which Lord Davies and his group of thinkers are so energetically urging in the movement known as the New Commonwealth.

## ERNEST BELL THE MAN WHO NEVER SAID AN UNKIND WORD The Matchless Friend of the Animal Kingdom

### 50 YEARS OF BEING KIND

The other day there died in Hendon a little old gentleman named Ernest Bell. Little, but great, for he gave up his whole life to kindness.

A humanitarian they called him. He hated cruelty in all its forms, and fought against it all his life. For over 50 years he was a vegetarian, the head of the best-known of our vegetarian societies, because he could not bear the thought that animals should suffer to provide food for us. He was in the forefront of every organisation which stood for the defence of animals and the helping of defenceless humans.

### His Secretary's Tribute

He was the head of the important publishing house of Bell and Sons. Right up to the day before his death he was at his office desk. Right up to that day he was active in the work of the philanthropic societies with which he was connected. The same secretary, Miss Jeffrey Wade, acted for him in both these spheres of work. How long had she been his secretary? Just 37 years.

All these years in the same post, with the same employer. And this is what she said about him to a friend of the C.N.: "I never in all my life heard him say an unkind word, to me or to anyone else."

That is his secretary's tribute; this tribute is paid in The Times by the Hon Stephen Coleridge to one of the best friends the animal kingdom ever had.

By the Hon Stephen Coleridge

Ernest Bell is dead! A leader who was steadfast amid change, faithful amid ingratitude, undismayed by assault, simple with the simplicity of greatness, and quiet with the strength of profound conviction.

No one in the outside world knew the wide range of his ceaseless and beneficent acts of love to men and women fallen by the wayside in this troublesome world. Beneath that calm and seemingly unmoved manner there beat a heart quick to give itself in consolation without too curiously caring whether its objects were truly deserving or not. Sorrow was there, and he did not stop to discover whether it were not perhaps self-created.

### An Inspiring Example

But to animals, who know nothing of good and evil, who in suffering know of no throne to which they can bring their sorrows, who know only that man in whose hands they helplessly lie is returning their faith and love with cold cruelty, to these poor unoffending betrayed creatures the heart of Ernest Bell was for ever overflowing with infinite pity that years never lessened and age never touched. We may never again have with us such an unwavering, steadfast, peacefully indomitable leader; but he will remain in the minds and hearts of those who knew him and loved him an example to inspire them, going before them upwards, upon the great march to a better world.

## THINGS SAID

Thinking is becoming a lost art.

Mr Hamilton Price

I know a Cabinet Minister who, I am sure, has never read a book.

Dr Mansbridge

It is only in natural science that we continue to produce minds of the first rank.

Dean Inge

There must be a secretary in heaven; in St John's vision there is one who opened the Book of Life.

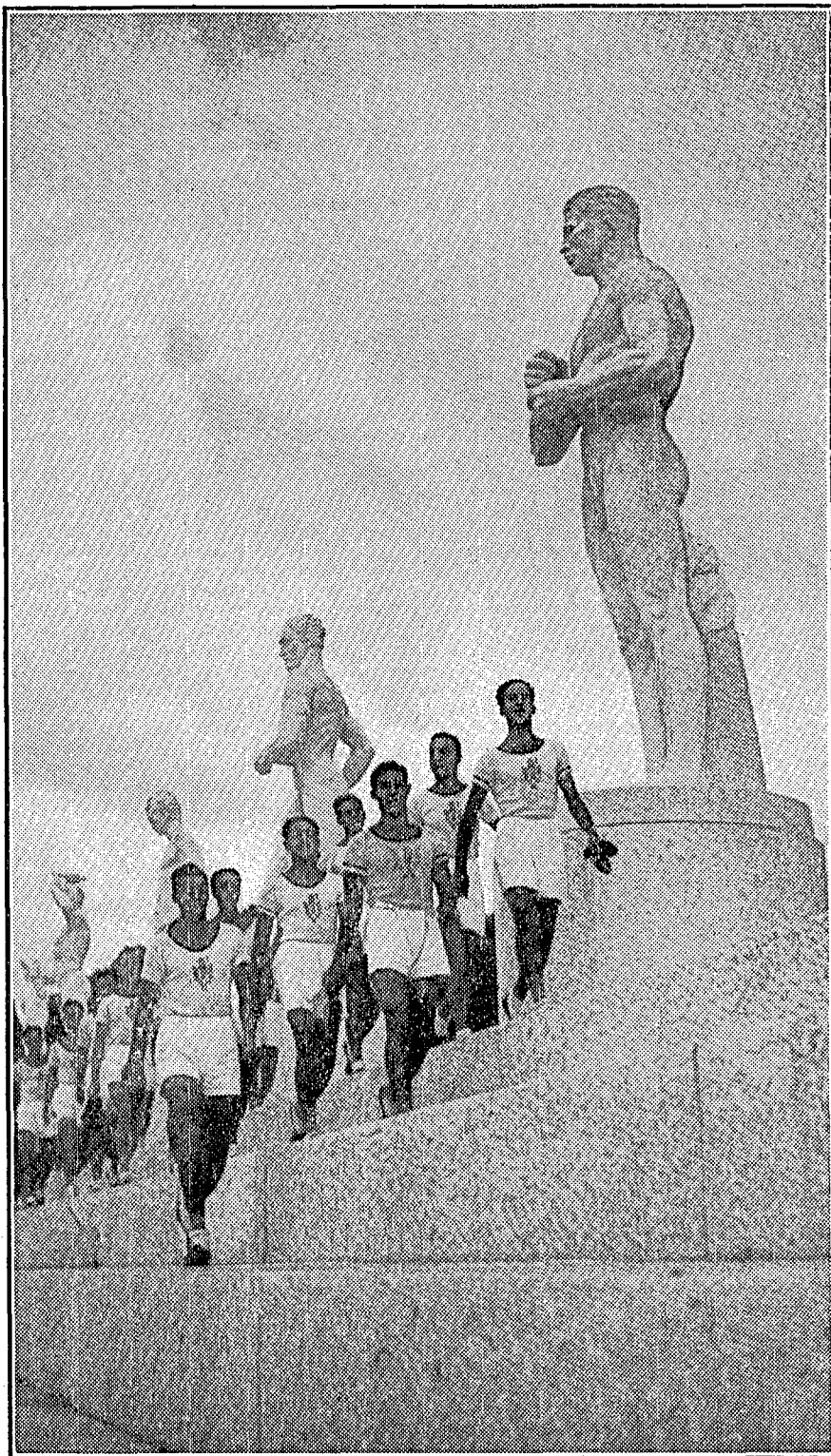
Mr Sidney Wicks



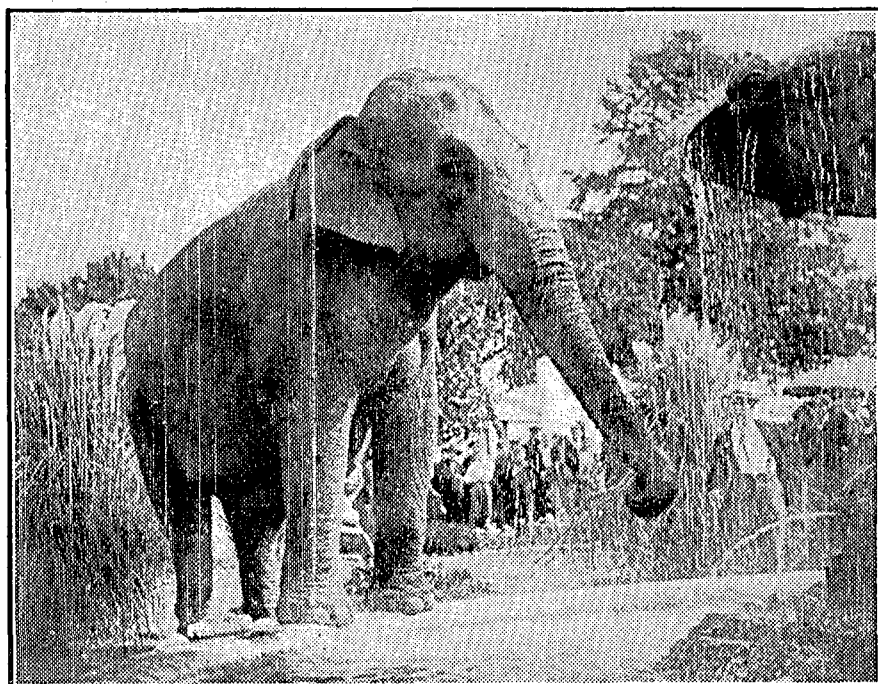
# SALMON FISHERS • ROME'S NEW FORUM • ELEPHANT AT A FOUNTAIN



**The Salmon Fishers**—The reflection makes a beautiful design of this picture of fishermen at work on Lough Neagh in Northern Ireland.



**The Mussolini Forum**—These athletes are parading round the Mussolini Forum, the new amphitheatre which was opened the other day in Rome.



**Refreshment For the Elephant**—When a circus passed through Cheltenham one of the elephants was seen to stop for a drink at an ornamental fountain.



**Leading the Team**—The experienced horses were quite able to plough a straight furrow without guidance, but the two boys enjoyed leading the team across the field.



## LONGER AND BETTER LIVES

### ENGLAND'S BILL OF HEALTH

The Nation Saving 40,000 Children Every Year

#### WINNING THE WAR ON DISEASE

Every day in every way we grow better and better.

That, when all is said and all exceptions are made, is what Sir George Newman, the surveyor of the country's health, has to tell us.

The nation is healthier today than at any earlier period of its history. Disease almost everywhere has lost ground. Steadily the balance between the causes producing ill-health and those contributing resistance to it are swinging in favour of human happiness.

We begin with the children. In the last ten years the nation has been saving infant lives at the high average of 40,000 a year. That is owing to the better care of babies and the better feeding of their mothers in the poorest districts. Those are the districts where overcrowding and under-feeding and insanitary conditions produce the greatest slaughter of the innocents. When our towns sweep away the foul blot of their slums this national toll of child life will be decreased tenfold, perhaps a hundredfold.

#### Well-Fed Schoolchildren

Not among these infants alone is the good work having its effect. The school-children are reflecting the wise and philanthropic measures taken to secure that they shall not be starved of food while being crammed with knowledge. Before the war one child in ten was suffering from under-feeding. Last year there was only one in a hundred.

A child is the father of the man, and a good start in life from the point of view of health and food reduces the mortality later. We live longer, the death-rate has fallen to nearly half what it was 50 years ago, and the resistance to disease has correspondingly risen.

#### Encouraging News

Tuberculosis is one of the pointers of the state of health of a nation as a whole. We may conclude that the disease is fostered by insufficient food or unhealthy conditions of living. It diminishes under the influence of proper feeding and abundance of light and air. There were fewer notifications of tuberculosis last year than ever, and the mortality from bronchitis and pneumonia and diseases of the nervous system is falling also.

These figures reveal an increasing resistance not to disease only but to the conditions out of which disease is apt to rise. The most encouraging information in this direction is that even in those areas where unemployment has been bitter there has been no corresponding increase in illness.

#### Effect of Unemployment Relief

That is rather surprising, because one would expect that the conditions of unemployment, with the depression and slackness and growing incapacity to work that rise from it, would all contribute to a sickness of body as well as of mind. We may perhaps congratulate ourselves that these consequences have been in part averted by the relief extended by the nation to the unemployed and their families. Such relief is not charity; it is certainly not waste; it is insurance.

Sir George Newman's report is not all painted in rosy colours. He finds plenty of defects in the nation's diet which may contribute to further defects in the nation's health. One of them, an old complaint, is that even if there is plenty of raw material of food England is bad at cooking it. He might have added that too many people prefer to take their food out of a tin.

## OUR TRADE UP

### Rising Revenue

#### SOMETHING LIKE THE TURNING OF THE TIDE

By Our Economic Correspondent

The official Trade Returns for last month are excellent. Exports of British goods (goods sold abroad) rose to nearly £31,000,000, while imports (goods brought in) rose to nearly £57,000,000.

As compared with August last year the rise in British exports was nearly £2,500,000 and in imports nearly £3,500,000.

The rise in imports shows that much more raw material is being brought in to work upon. The figures include big increases in purchases of cotton, wool, timber, ores, hides, oil seeds, rubber, and paper.

On the other side of the account we find a considerable rise in exports of British manufactures, while imports of the same sort fell. Increases were recorded in exports of woollens, vehicles, iron and steel, leather, electrical goods, cutlery and hardware, apparel, machinery, pottery, and rubber goods. Exports of locomotives and motor-cars were particularly good.

#### Empire Trade

We bought Empire goods heavily. Striking items are bacon from Canada, eggs from Australia and South Africa, butter and cheese from Australia and New Zealand, fruit from all the Dominions. South African oranges showed great increase.

There was a heavy drop in our imports of foreign potatoes and tomatoes.

So employment is improving both for home and export trade. The progressive character of the movement is very striking. There is evidence of renewed confidence and enterprise all round.

The State revenue is rising. Already there is an expansion of over £6,000,000 in Exchequer receipts as compared with last year.

## WALES CLAIMS AN HONOUR

### New Memorial Set Up in Her Mountains

#### A WELSHMAN'S SON TWICE PRESIDENT OF U.S.A.

In the heart of the Welsh mountains a memorial has been set up in honour of the Welshman who helped to draft the American Declaration of Independence and ended by being twice elected President of the United States.

It may surprise some people to know that Thomas Jefferson was a Welshman, for he was born and bred in Virginia, and America filled his life. But his father, Peter Jefferson, was Welsh, and his mother of English descent.

That is why a tablet has been unveiled to him in the Ceiriog Memorial Institute among the Berwyn mountains of North Wales, a copy of the Declaration being laid beside it.

Wales and America are both proud of this man, whose foreseeing policy of 150 years ago was praised by President Roosevelt only a few months ago as what America needs today. Thomas Jefferson believed that every man should be so educated that he could take an intelligent interest in the affairs of his country, and his aim was to coordinate that representative interest and turn it into action just to all. On this principle he founded America's Democratic Party. He was also a keen pioneer of religious freedom and equality.

The State of Virginia was his special care. Twice its Governor, he was also father of its University, not only founding it but actually designing its buildings. He died in 1826.

## HEROES OF UGANDA

### A Priest and a Nurse

One more story of heroism comes from Africa.

It is the story of an urgent message which came to Father Wolters, the Superior of Rubaga Cathedral in Uganda, begging him to give the Last Sacrament to four Africans who were dying of plague. He was warned that he would be risking his life if he granted the request of his black friends, but this brave priest, who was 60 and had been working in the mission field half his life, fearlessly entered the plague-stricken homes. It meant sacrificing his own life, for he caught the plague and died two days later.

Heroes seem to be plentiful in Uganda. Not long ago a nun lost her life after nursing some women ill with plague.

#### KEEPING IN TOUCH

### Brighton's Pocket Wireless

If a visitor to Brighton asks a policeman the way to the sea he must not be disconcerted if the policeman first looks blank, then excuses himself, and finally hurries off.

All it means is that an urgent message from Police Headquarters is just coming through on his pocket wireless set. For all Brighton police now carry miniature wireless sets and are in direct touch with G.H.Q.

Smash-and-grabbers and other disturbers of the peace are therefore advised to go to some place less progressive than Brighton, for the system is acting splendidly and will be a great help to the police.

## THE RUGBY BOY IN THE AQUITANIA

A Rugby schoolboy has just returned from a trip to New York which he earned by his own efforts.

He is 14, his name is John Skeggs, and his father is a doctor in Hertfordshire. One day he started an etching of the Cunard liner Berengaria. It was based on a photograph, and showed the huge rudder being replaced at Southampton.

A master saw the etching, and was so impressed that he sent it secretly to the Cunard company. The officials of the company were delighted, and offered the young etcher a free return trip to New York.

John Skeggs travelled in a first-class state-room in the Aquitania. It was a wonderful experience, but it did not turn his head. Instead of imagining that he is a budding Brangwyn, John Skeggs says he expects to go in for law.

#### HARVEST NEWS

A century ago four workers were required to reap, tie, and shock one acre of corn in a day, and the same staff would take another day to thresh the grain by flail.

The combine harvester, with its group of skilled workmen, will now do the same work in less than an hour. The standard operations of binding, shocking, carting, and stacking are eliminated.

This paragraph will have a very different effect on our readers. Some will be glad; some sorry.

In any case the announcement is so significant that it ought to appear in every history of our own time.

## IRON BETTER

### 73 Furnaces in Blast

Iron and steel are recovering. At the end of August 73 British iron furnaces were in full blast.

The output of pig-iron in August rose to 363,000 tons, against 259,000 tons in August 1932, and 344,000 tons in July 1933. But much ground has still to be recovered. In 1913 the monthly average production of pig-iron was 855,000 tons.

## GENEVA AT WORK AGAIN

### ITS SUMMER HOLIDAY OVER

#### The Great Push For Disarmament is Coming

#### LEAGUE'S NEWEST MEMBER

Geneva's summer holiday is over, and its scattered delegates are fast returning for the busy autumn session.

First the Assembly, for which the Secretariat has been steadily preparing all the while the delegates have been away. Two days ahead of its opening the Council meets, and then again when its new members are elected. In the middle of October the Great Push for Disarmament begins.

The Assembly has much to discuss if its delegates from the different countries will be courageous enough to consider all of it. There is a vast amount of profitable work in many fields which has been successfully accomplished during the year.

#### Good Work Accomplished

Financial help, expert advice, assistance of various kinds were given to a number of countries, including a flow of League officials to many parts of the Earth where their aid was requested; peace was restored to two troubled countries, Colombia and Peru, and long-continued fighting between Bolivia and Paraguay was brought almost to a conclusion, awaiting a final settlement. The frontier between Syria and Iraq, a possible cause of dangerous incidents, has been marked out and accepted. The sudden agitation between the British Government and Persia over the oil interests was smoothed out, its causes investigated, and a satisfactory solution found. The machinery for limiting the manufacture of poisonous drugs is already in motion.

There is, of course, another side of the picture. The Disarmament Conference, sitting for a year and a half, has achieved nothing definite except (and it is a big exception) a very marked change in the attitude toward the whole question, so that decisions are now possible which would have been derided as perfectly impracticable 18 months ago. The World Conference, in which so much hope was placed, has been a failure and provided nothing of any value with which to meet the world's needs.

#### Iraq and Germany

All is not well with the newest member of the League, over whose entry last year there was so much rejoicing, for Iraq has failed to keep peace within its borders and the British Government has still more unhappily failed to keep its promises of protection to the Assyrian minority. The situation in Germany is a blot on civilisation, and as such lowers the moral-level of all countries, and (blackest spot in the League picture) there is the failure to stand firm for peace, and for its own accepted principles, against the war-making spirit of Japan.

Yet this great failure might be made the starting-point for a better and stronger League if it serves to point out the weakness of the present one, and if men are courageous enough to build anew, making of their past mistakes stepping-stones to something finer in the future.

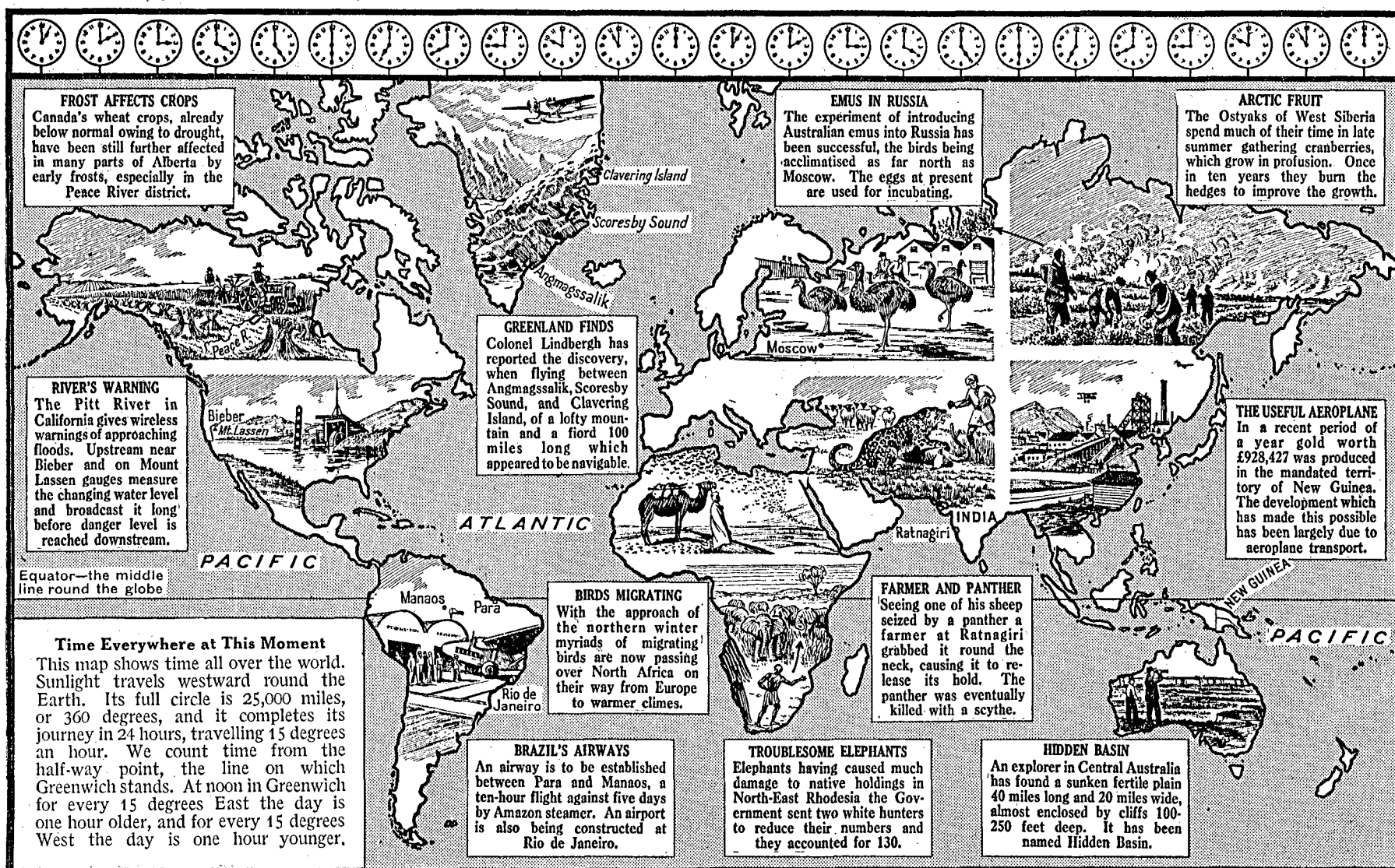
#### 53 YEARS

Mr E. A. Edney, organist and choir-master of West Wickham Parish Church, is retiring after 53 years of service.

At 16 Mr Edney began teaching music, and in 1880 he became organist. At first he used to walk to church from his home in Beckenham; later he rode a bicycle; when he was 60 he tried to master motor-cycling. An accident, however, decided him against further attempts, and now, at the age of 71, he walks again.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## A STORK'S MEMORY An Experiment With 150

A very interesting experiment is being made to test the inherited memory of young storks.

When the storks of Germany fly south they follow two routes. Watchers of migrations have noticed that those of the eastern regions have invariably flown across the Balkans, Asia Minor, and Egypt; but another route has always been taken by storks born and bred west of the River Elbe. From time immemorial these have flown over France, Spain, and Morocco.

This summer 150 young storks were taken from Rossitten, where they were born in the east of Germany, to Essen, and twenty others to Frankfurt. All were given identification marks. After a month's stay in the west they were released for their flight to the south.

Will they remember the way of their forefathers and find the route by Southern Germany and the Balkans, or will they follow the western storks?

## THE LOST PENGUIN

The driver of a motor-lorry on his way between Boroughbridge and Harrogate the other day saw what he thought was a duck waddling across the road. A further glance revealed that it was a penguin, which the driver captured by using an overcoat.

The penguin nestled comfortably in the cab of the lorry until it reached Darlington. The problem of removing the bird to the police station was soon solved by the penguin, which jumped from the cab into the roadway and, guided by a policeman, marched with much composure up the steps and into the charge-room of the station.

The policeman eventually took the bird to an aviary at South Park, where it bathed in a pool and greedily devoured a number of fish.

## RECORD RAYON New Trades To The Rescue

British welfare largely depends upon the activity and growth of new industries to take the place of losses in old staple trades. Cotton exports, for example, have suffered; something must take their place.

Therefore, the prospects of such a trade as artificial silk (or rayon) is of great moment. In July, 1933, the British output of Rayon Yarn reached the record figure of 7,630,000 pounds. The previous July figure was only 5,710,000 pounds.

Unemployment in the trade is disappearing. In June the yarn workers had 12.7 out of work; in July only 9.8 per cent. Since then there has been further improvement.

We need not despair of British trade while such vigour marks new industries. The glorious summer has helped the trade, but it shows progress in branches unaffected by weather. The range of rayon fabrics is wonderful in variety and beauty.

## GO-AHEAD NEW ZEALAND A Late Woman M.P.

New Zealand has always seemed to us one of the most progressive countries in our Commonwealth.

Certainly she was well ahead of us in giving her women the vote, which they have had for exactly forty years; but though women have been eligible to sit in the New Zealand Parliament since 1919, the first woman M.P. has only just been elected. She is very late.

She is Mrs Elizabeth R. McCoombs, whose husband was a Socialist member for many years. His death caused a by-election, and his widow won it.

To celebrate his goth ascent of the Matterhorn Hermann Perren, a Zermatt guide, climbed it twice in one day.

## A RING AND A MACE Irish Treasure in London

The news that Viscount Massereene and Ferrard has transferred from Ireland to London two of his most cherished possessions, a mace and a ring, is of much consequence to lovers of art, for these things are of great historical value.

The ring, for instance, is that presented to the viscount's ancestor Sir James Melville by Mary Queen of Scots when she was on the scaffold. It is thus over 350 years old.

The ring has in it a fascinating array of diamonds, the front consisting of a pointed drop-shaped rose diamond in the centre with seven small diamond collets on each side, while on the back are two smaller rose diamonds with seven collets between, the whole being mounted in a gold setting.

The mace is that which for 35 years rested on the table in the Irish Parliament before the Act of Union of 1800.

## A GALLANT LITTLE FELLOW

This is the story of Ole Dorph-Jensen, a Copenhagen boy.

He was not an expert swimmer—far from it; it was no more than three days since he had been allowed to swim alone without a line to hold him up. And the sea was rough, too rough for anyone but a very good swimmer to venture out of his depth without great risk.

But a certain young lady did so, and would have paid dearly for her foolhardiness had it not been for our Copenhagen boy. When he saw her sinking and heard her screams he plunged in without an instant's hesitation. The thought "Can I do it?" might have paralysed him had he allowed himself to think it; but he did not, for done it must be, and done by him. The girl had lost consciousness by the time he reached her, but with a coolness and dexterity only equalled by his courage he managed to haul her ashore, where artificial respiration was applied just in time to bring her back to life.

## TAKING OUT THE THREES G.W.R. Does a Sensible Thing

Our Great Western Railway has decided that though we cannot all be first class there is no reason to label us as third-class passengers.

Every 3 is to disappear from G.W.R. carriages, and only the first-class ones are to be labelled.

It seems to us a very good idea, for not only will it make railway travel more popular among mathematicians, who disliked jumping from one to three without a two to help them (the second class having long been abandoned), but also among logicians.

To them it seems only sensible that as most of us travel third class this should be taken as the standard of railway comfort, with first class the luxurious exception, its occupants paying extra for seclusion rather than for comfort, which on most main-line trains is much the same for both classes, and very good at that.

## S.A. AND I.L.O.

Four countries of South America have, between them, recently registered 68 ratifications of the International Labour Office's conventions.

This is very good news, because that particular continent has been specially slow in waking up to the value of these conventions. Having now awoke they have gone ahead swiftly, realising that they can have no better foundations on which to build up their people's comfort and prosperity.

Uruguay has ratified 36, thus leaping to the head of the list and standing there side by side with Spain; Colombia followed with 24 ratifications, Venezuela and the Dominican Republic with four each; all these countries now making their appearance for the first time on the interesting Chart of Ratification prepared by the I.L.O.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 30 1933

## Mad

We have been looking into a document prepared for the Disarmament Conference in which the actual figures of war expenditure are given for all countries.

*In one recent year the nations of the world spent £880,000,000 on armies, navies, and air forces.*

The importance of this figure lies in the fact that it takes place every year. We have to realise that in twenty years the world spends

£17,600,000,000

on the means to make war.

With this expenditure what wealth might not be accumulated for the good of humanity!

Let us remember that armaments are fruitless. They have no harvest save in death and destruction. The ships, the guns, the airships, the aeroplanes, the rifles, the ammunition, the uniforms, the stores—all these are things of a moment, quickly consumed, or quickly scrapped because they become obsolete almost as soon as they are made.

The great warship is built, and in less than ten years it is out-of-date. The new land monster, the tank, which may be described as a land ironclad, is as costly as a locomotive engine, but while one is a waste of material, the other is a mover of passengers or goods.

The aeroplane is always being altered, and in its use by the Army and Navy kills one or two fine young men every week.

In the sum we have mentioned, £17,600,000,000, is wasted the erection of glorious cities, the construction of splendid canals, the regeneration of the material capital of mankind. The world would change out of all knowledge in its material aspect if in twenty years such a sum were devoted to public purposes. The housing question would be a trifle if only part of the expenditure on armaments were employed for the splendid purposes of giving comfort to hard-working people.

How necessary it is, then, to bring on the rule of justice, to spare no effort to wipe from the minds of men the many causes of suspicion and fear which still poison the life of the world. Let us get rid of the many causes of dispute which embroil Governments. Let us strengthen the League of Nations so that the great differences between people may be discussed and settled at its councils.

War after war, fought with ever-increasing armaments, can settle nothing except to increase causes of bitterness. Peace can only arrive through reasonable discussion of difficulties, and after a war, however it ends, reasonable discussion is impossible.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Why Not Stop It Now?

IT is an unceasing wonder that some things are allowed.

In twenty years it will seem incredible that dirty smelly rattling engines were allowed the free run of our streets. We constantly come upon steam lorries spitting fire, filling roads with smoke, or compelling us to close our windows by the horrible smell.

Why not stop these things now instead of ten years hence?

## The Cross and the Substitute

FROM the spire of the Protestant Church at Mainbernheim in Prussia the Cross of Christ has been removed to make way for the Hitler trade-mark, the Swastika.

It is not enough that Hitler and his Nazis should make themselves ridiculous by plastering a pagan symbol on their flags and on their clothing and wherever there is a place for it, suitable or unsuitable. They must seek to cast a slight on the emblem of the faith that Germany professes as its inspiration.

Perhaps it is because, while the Swastika rules a Germany descending to the methods of barbarism, there seems no place for the Cross, which stands for justice, mercy, and charity toward all.

## The New Shades

DARK strawberry, orange red, cherry red, brindled, silver grey, golden grey, autumn tints.

From what kind of catalogue can Peter Puck have taken this list of hues? No, not from a draper's, but from a brickmaker's.

There is no need for whole suburbs to be built in one hideous shade known as brick red. Bricks can show as much variety and beauty as fabrics.

All this we see from an article we print on another page. Brick houses we shall have. Luckily they need not be dull or ugly.

## Respect For Life

A DOUBLE tragedy at Brooklands racing track again directs our attention to what appears to be a growing disrespect for life.

By a sad mischance a bombing aeroplane, attempting to land at Brooklands, crashed by the race-course, killing the pilot and wounding several of the crew.

This happened only 30 minutes before the 500-mile motor race, the event of the day, was due to start.

The race, nevertheless, began to scheduled time, while still the wrecked aeroplane held its dead.

A little later one of the racing motorists was also killed.

Merely to recount this terrible thing is to suggest to the mind that respect for the dead, if not for the living, should give pause to sport.

## A Sunny Day May Come To Anyone

IN the autobiography of a busy and genial woman worker we come upon a delightful glimpse of sunshine.

She woke one morning feeling very bright and quite unusually gay. "Something nice is going to happen today," she said to herself.

About half-past ten the telephone rang, and she was asked quite unexpectedly to go to a certain office. Still that feeling of bliss was in the air.

She went, and she obtained (much to her delight and hardly to her surprise, as it was such a happy day) a post with a salary of £700 a year!

We like this tale because it happens to be true, and it is cheerful.

## Tip-Cat

WHEN a big wave suddenly swept in at a seaside place holiday-makers rose to the occasion.

ALL the power of the State must rest with the people, says a writer. But it is time the people woke up.

AN acrobat is always thinking out fresh stunts. Turns them over in his mind.

A BIG clothier's business in the south of London has changed hands.

We must expect material alterations.

FAT boys are usually obstinate. They stick out.

PEOPLE who think they are in the van of industry are often in the cart.

TEN thousand people have

pledged themselves not to leave litter about. Not literary people.

THOUSANDS of gallons of petrol are used up in a traffic jam. It takes all your spirit.

A DENTIST says a person's teeth always give away his age. They ought to be stopped.

AMERICANS like to rush round the world. Because they are interested in other races.

A CRITIC of gramophone records says there are such things as music snobs. People who put on airs.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

LIVERPOOL is spending a sum of nearly £8,000,000 on getting rid of slums.

MR GEORGE COLES of High Wycombe has worked for one master 75 years.

## JUST AN IDEA

Fortunate is he who can stick faithfully to his post until he is led to a better one.

## The Train

By Our Town Girl in the Country

MEETING a train at a little country station sounds an ordinary thing to do, but on days when a magic wind is blowing ordinary things become invested with its magic cloak.

It was on a day of this kind that we went to meet a sister coming to stay. We were too early of course, as, for meetings, that's half the thing; and we walked up and down, down and up, past the bright station beds until the flowers began to get tired of staring at us, and we felt in another minute they would ask us if we had a platform ticket.

But no such things are needed where the country fields run up to the railway lines. Ahead of us as we paced, shining away to a point, those rails looked still with mystery, as any waiting thing does, clothed in a kind of happy anticipation.

Was it really and truly possible that our little domestic friend Steam, through whose flimsy cloak a blade of grass can stab, was hurrying an enormous and weighty chariot of many compartments, seats, and human beings all the way from the greatest city of Earth?

But wait! It is coming. Far up the grey silver rails a moving, live, iron beetle is crawling; as it comes nearer it seems to gather, not only size but speed, and now instead of crawling it begins to rush. Presently the roar of it fills the whole little station. We involuntarily step back as the monster, the Car of Juggernaut, the Colossus of iron and steel and wood with fiery eyes and steam-exuding nostrils, slows down.

The sister steps out; welcomes take a few minutes, and then—she walks through the station exit and merely, almost as though she might be throwing away a scrap of paper, gives up her minute green ticket, which is really a magic pass. It has carried her in that roaring monster (descendant of the little kettle that is singing another welcome in the kitchen at home) down mile upon mile of that beautifully straight road, the rails of which, like great arms of love, bind our scattered homes together; and the ticket-collector takes it as though it was—what it looks like—an absurd inch of cardboard and nothing else.

We go home, and the engine's ancestor makes us tea, which perhaps brings us down to Earth again, for tea is a humanising meal.

We have only been meeting our sister at Wickham Market Station.

## An Anchor

One small cottage  
And one small plot;

One small woman  
And one small cot.

One great anchor  
To all who roam,

One sure resting-place,  
Home, sweet home.



## EARL'S ASTONISHING ACHIEVEMENT PLANTER OF TWELVE MILLION TREES

A Proud Boast Perhaps  
Unequalled in the World

### LORD YARBOROUGH'S WONDERFUL ESTATES

*I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree.*

Living among us today is a man who has planted more than eleven million trees in England; by the end of this year it will be 11,789,682.

He is the Earl of Yarborough, and his homes of Brocklesby and Manby in Lincolnshire are his plantations.

One of Nelson's admirals, Lord Collingwood, when his sea-going days were done, used to go up and down the country sowing oaks from the bag of acorns he carried, so that England should never lack timber for her wooden walls. Lord Yarborough and his people before him have made sure, for nearly 150 years, that whatever forests fall in England there shall always be new trees springing up in Lincolnshire.

#### The First Saplings

They began the task of growing trees for use and beauty at Brocklesby two years before the French Revolution, and they have planted trees every year since then by the thousand, the ten thousand, the hundred thousand.

In the first of their great crusade 40,000 saplings took the ground, and the planting went on in increasing volume. In the year of Nelson's victory off St Vincent the planting reached a total of 668,801 trees. After that it fell off, till in the year before Trafalgar the number of trees actually sank to a beggarly 10,652. But then it soared up again, till in the year after Waterloo it touched a record of 680,451.

#### Astonishing Figures

The tree-loving Earl of Yarborough, who has reigned at Brocklesby for more than half a century, has taken a noble view of his responsibilities, and more than once his plantings have in one year nearly touched the half million mark.

His figures, as we have shown, are reaching the twelve million mark for his 53 years, and he may therefore rightly regard himself as the chief contributor to the mighty total of the 28,918,947 trees planted on these two estates since 1787, an average of 196,728 trees a year. In the war years, when the English woodlands were falling apace, he planted nearly a million, the actual number being 940,658.

#### Scientific Forestry

The trees are planted with scientific intent for use on the two estates of Brocklesby and Manby, which together extend over 5000 acres. Their nurseries alone cover 14 acres. From Brocklesby Hall round the woods and back again is 20 miles; the fencing is 112 miles. From these particulars one easily infers that here are not merely woods of grandeur and loveliness, but an area where a great scheme of scientific forestry has matured. There are trees of every kind—oak and ash, acacia and Spanish chestnut, wych elm and beech and hornbeam, fir and pine, larch and spruce, elm and cedar. Hardwood and conifer are their main classifications, which admit of the introduction of many special kinds of trees for experiment, such as Japanese larch, Chinese birch, Caucasian wing-nut, or the giant Sequoia, bought as a seedling for £5 in 1856 and now a hundred feet high.

The age and condition of the trees are as carefully noted and kept as are the particulars of the human population at Somerset House. There are acreages of trees all under 20 years of age, and other areas for trees under 40, or between 40 and 80. At Manby and

## MATTHEW ARNOLD ON THE TELEPHONE

FOLLOWING the practice of calling new telephone exchanges after our poets, one at Wembley is now named Arnold.

The telephone disturbing the peace of a quiet room seems to us the noisiest and fussiest of all the intruders into our private life, yet now it is linked up with the man who wrote "One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee."

That lesson was

*Of toil unsevered from tranquillity,  
Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows  
Far noisier schemes, accomplished in re-  
pose,*

*Too great for haste, too high for chivalry.  
Yes, while on Earth a thousand discords  
ring,*

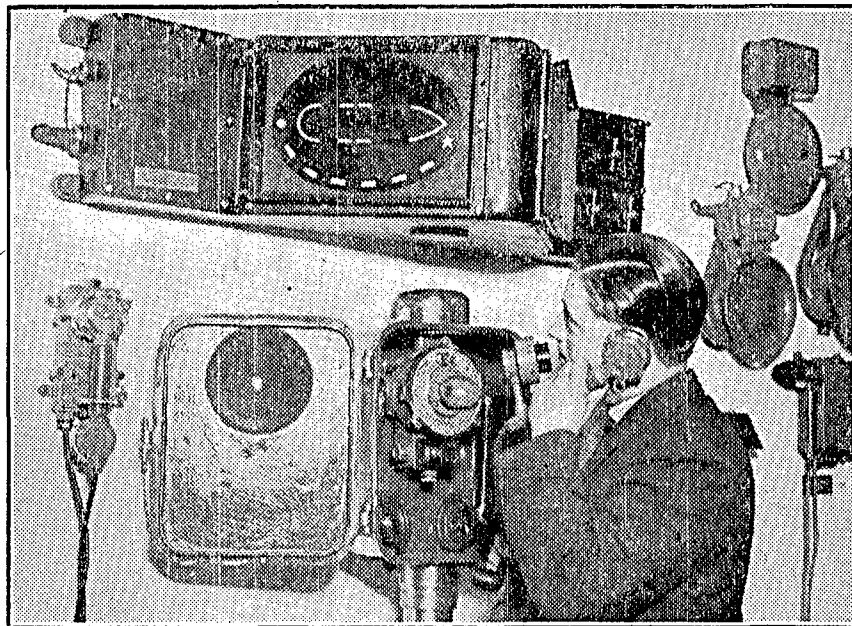
*Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil,  
Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,  
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting.*

Yet may it be that our officials know the poem's message well, and that that is why they have reserved the name of Arnold for an automatic exchange, so that, while on Earth a thousand discords ring, they in their fastness may look on and smile, for no longer can they be blamed for our wrong numbers?

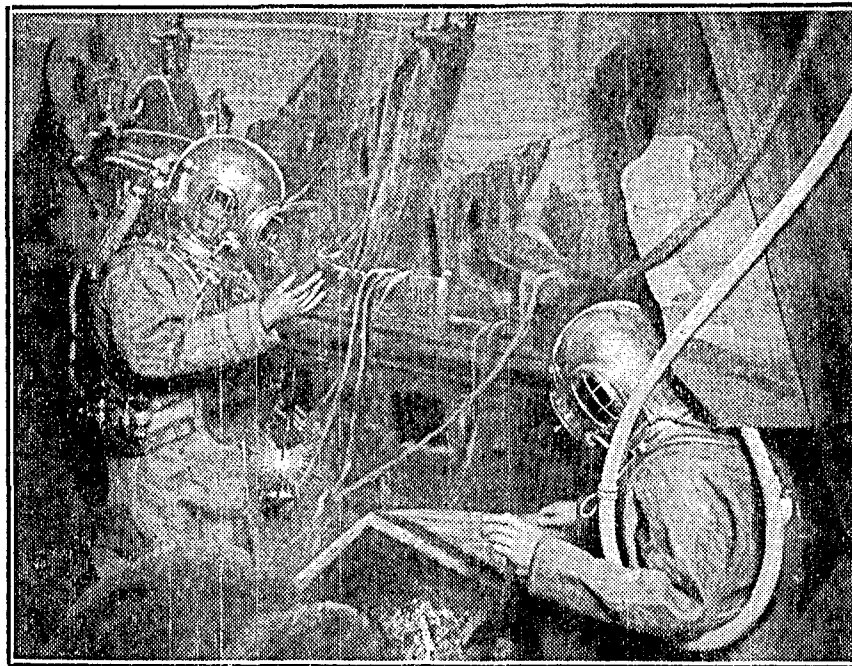
And certainly of their Robot linking us up, without word or error or wait, to the number we want, it may be said, as of Nature's servants:

*Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,  
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting.*

## EARS AND EYES IN THE DEEP



A sounding device which measures the depth of water by means of an echo from the sea-bed



Modern diving-suits, one with compressed oxygen and the other with an air tube. These two pictures are from the Shipping Exhibition in London.

Continued from the previous column

Brocklesby together, over 1212 acres are covered with venerable trees of over four score years. Some larches even can boast of 150 years, and one of them is as tall as the giant Sequoia, though that is only half its age.

Science extends its treatment to the trees when they have been felled to make room for newcomers. A creosoting process prepares them for market, and some of the particulars of its use are in the highest degree important. The hard woods absorb little creosote, the soft ones a great deal. The monkey puzzle heads the list with an absorption of over 30 pounds of creosote to the cubic foot; oak acacia and Spanish chestnut are at the bottom, soaking up no more than one to under three

pounds. The oak takes the record for temperance, its absorption making it almost a teetotaler.

In these woods of so much use and beauty Pelham's Pillar, taller than any tree (for it is 120 feet high), stands on an eminence 450 feet above the sea. A plate on it records that up to the year 1824 the trees planted numbered 12,552,700. The present Earl of Yarborough must surely equal that number before his task is done. All who love England, which owes so much of its history and so much of its beauty to trees, will wish to join the C.N. in sending its greeting to the good Earl of Yarborough. May he live long to see his mighty trunks climbing upward to the sky, their branches spreading graciously over his abounding acres.

## BRICKS TRIUMPHANT

BEAUTIFUL AND  
INDESTRUCTIBLE

The Fine Side of a Common  
and Familiar Thing

### OUR WALLS NEED NOT BE UGLY

The British Brick is increasingly recognised to be a beautiful and most adaptable material. Properly made and fired, it is indestructible. The Romans made bricks of our British clays which remain with us today, imperishable as the hardest natural rock.

After the war many attempts were made to substitute cement blocks of various shapes for bricks, but nearly all these were unsuccessful. The brick is at once good to look upon and easily built into design.

The Department of Scientific and Industrial Research declares in a report on the subject that no other method of construction has proved cheaper than brickwork.

#### Modern Methods Better

Thirty years ago brickmakers had unfortunately deserted ancient practice and given their minds to the making of square-edged bricks looking as though cast in perfect moulds. These bricks formed walls which looked as if the joints had been ruled or painted, while the corners of buildings or "arises" also appeared quite straight. This was thought good.

In recent years better methods have prevailed, and it has come to be recognised, as in older days, that a perfectly straight-lined or square-edged brick is as repellent as a perfectly straight nose on a face would be, and now the best brickmakers aim at making facing-bricks full of diversity, in both form and colour. As a consequence we get most interesting brick buildings in which imperfection of form and variety of colour achieve great beauty.

Charming effects are also obtained by cutting the mortar joints off roughly with the trowel, without special pointing, or by slightly raking out the mortar joints to make each brick stand out with its irregular edges in relief.

#### Beautiful Tints

Variety of colour is aimed at, so that we may see a wall offering a harmony of many tints, ranging from gold to purple and from red to brown.

A Reading firm makes us a lovely silver-grey brick, the secret of which is a century old. In sunshine or shadow it offers a charming variety of greys, ranging from pinkish-grey to blue-grey. This brick is so well made that it is one of the hardest to cut with a trowel.

In America an even greater range of colour is achieved. Greens, blues, and purples are produced, and striking effects are obtained by metallic spraying.

The commonest brick is now the Fletton, some 1200 millions of which are made in England in a year. The Fletton is that flesh-coloured brick so often used to form the frame of a building. It is not beautiful, but it is cheap. It is made out of clays naturally impregnated with oil, which are therefore easily fired.

#### A Recent Improvement

A recent improvement in the Fletton is to make it cellular and therefore lighter and more impervious. Flettons are also now produced as facing-bricks by making their surfaces rough and brindled in colour.

Architects are giving us some very beautiful and effective brick buildings, as in the famous Battersea Power Station. The survival of the brick and its increasing manufacture are doing much to redeem our modern cities. It would seem, to use a familiar phrase, to be a survival of the fittest.



## THE RED MEN AND THE RAIN

### SACRED SYMBOLS AND SOLEMN CEREMONIES

Chief Whirling Eagle's Stately Dance in a City Street

### CHANTING AND DRUM-BEATING

The red-skinned Indians of the United States on whose lands oil was discovered may ride about in limousines and adopt all the white man's expensive habits, but the poorer Indians still cling to many of their old traditions and customs.

If the wealthy and more sophisticated Indian's crops are suffering from an extended drought, as they have suffered in many parts of the United States this year, he will employ white experts to provide irrigation, but not so his less advanced red brothers.

The more primitive Indians do not look to the white man but back to their ancestral customs for assistance. It must be admitted that the result is not so successful on the whole, but it is far more picturesque.

#### The Master-Key of Life

In western America the desert-like areas in which certain Indian tribes have made their homes for centuries have always had a scarcity of rainfall. Of course this has resulted in rain becoming looked upon as the master-key of life by these red men, who have developed solemn and elaborate ceremonies for the bringing of the life-giving rain.

Not only are these ceremonies performed during the growing seasons but the sacred symbols of the rain-makers are used in much Indian ornamentation. There are the joyful frogs on the pottery water-jugs, symbolising the freeing of the animals and crops from hibernation by the rain. Everyone who has seen Indian rugs knows the frequent use of lightning in the design of the wonderful Navajo rugs symbolising plentiful rain. The thunder bird, one of the gods to whom they pray for rain, is often used in the designs of silver bracelets and other Indian jewellery.

#### Strange Scene in Omaha

Indian maize, still one of the chief articles of food among the western tribes, is planted in shallow holes by the Indians and carefully watered by hand. When the maize grows too large for this feeble watering system the corn must have rain or die. Then it is, about the middle of July, that the rain-makers of the tribe are summoned. A serious religious ceremony follows.

The ceremony used to be performed before a shrine to which the people had previously brought prayer sticks with offerings tied to them. Recently an Indian chief and his assistant performed their ceremony in a city street of Omaha, Nebraska, careless of the gaze of white men, who were once rigidly excluded from their tribal ceremonies.

Clad in a fringed costume of soft white buckskin, with decorations of rain and other symbols and a fine head-dress of the sacred eagle feathers, Chief Whirling Eagle appeared. With him was Na-Ba-Doo, in leggings, buckskin shirt, ceremonial blanket, and tuft of feathers, to beat the tom-tom and chant the prayers while he danced.

#### Chant To a Tom-Tom

Rhythmically, on not more than four or five notes, Na-Ba-Doo chanted something like this:

*White floating clouds,  
Clouds like the plains,  
Come and water the Earth.  
Sun embrace the Earth  
That she may be fruitful.  
Warriors of the six mountains of the world  
Intercede with the cloud people for us  
That they may water the Earth.*

And as he solemnly chanted to his tom-tom the chief shook his rattle.

## AFRICAN CATHEDRAL

### GOOD NEWS FROM KIKUYU

The Painted Chiefs in the Front Pews

### SHEEP AND GOATS IN THE COLLECTION

The Church of the Torch in Darkness is the name which Africans themselves have given to the fine Scottish cathedral church which has been built at a cost of £15,000 at Kikuyu in East Africa.

Such a multitude of delighted Wakikuyu folk assembled for the opening ceremony that, although the church was packed with about 3000 people, hundreds of men, women, and children had to stand outside.

It was a red-letter day to them, for so many had helped with the building of the church. On their own initiative they had offered time and labour. One old woman had done her part by carrying stones from the quarry, and boys and girls helped both in excavating the site and in building the church. Equal generosity had been shown by their European friends, and the service was a wonderful manifestation of the unity between black and white people.

#### A Strange Contrast

Many old chiefs with painted faces and headdresses of ostrich feathers sat in the front pews. These majestic personages wore great earrings and robes of monkey-skin and held their staffs of office. They made a strange contrast with the hundreds of young people, most of whom wore European clothes. There were half-naked men with oiled and painted bodies, but many others—office clerks, railway workers, and shop assistants—wore lounge suits and collars and ties; while the women, carrying babies on their backs, were dressed in the latest styles of fashion in civilised countries. In the midst of them sat several hundred white people.

African members of the Boys Brigade, proud to be in uniform, kept the vast crowd outside the church in control. The service was taken by white and black clergy. All kinds of offerings were given at the collection. There were maize cobs and eggs, as well as money, and during the week quite a flock of goats and sheep arrived as contributions.

### CHRISTOPHER'S LITTLE CHAPEL

#### Saved For Ever

The first ancient building in the London area scheduled for preservation under the new Act is a small, cupola-capped chapel in High Road, Lee.

It is thought this interesting little chapel, which anybody can see from the bus, was designed by Sir Christopher Wren. It was built in 1683 when Christopher Boone, a merchant of London who lived in a now demolished Tudor mansion at Lee, gave the Merchant Taylors Company land for almshouses. The original almshouses were pulled down in 1875, and a group of modern buildings were erected in their place, but the chapel belonging to them was spared, and there is now no fear of this little bit of 17th-century London disappearing.

*Continued from the previous column.*

made of a dry gourd filled with pebbles, and danced a stately dance of intricate steps, imploring the thunder bird to bring rain to the dry land and end the scorching drought that was shrivelling up the maize.

For a day this drum-beating, dancing, and tuneless chanting of prayers for rain goes steadily on. In the evening the tribe gathers around for a joyous feast, and on the days following they sit back and watch for the rain which they are sure their pleas will bring if the thunder bird has been pleased with them. If not they must make sacrifices.

## LITTER LOUTS HOLD A MEETING

### Peter Puck's Report

The Litter Louts Preservation Society held its first annual meeting at the Gobbling Restaurant last Saturday.

Admittance was refused to the Press, but Peter Puck rolled himself in batter and parsley and managed to slip in disguised as an omelette.

The dinner which preceded the meeting was described as unique by the chef, although, as all amateur detectives know, it is the everyday fare of the Litter Lout. The pièce de résistance was a compôte of orange, banana, chocolate, beer, and monkey nuts.

The room was tastefully decorated with dead bluebells and torn shrubs. During the evening a dustman entered, and emptied six bins in succession round the guests. As several Litter Louts said, it made them feel they were picnicking in one of England's beauty spots.

#### The Chief Litter Lout

Several healths were drunk, including Long Live Litter, Down with the National Trust, and Death to the C.N.

The Chief Litter Lout, who presided, wearing a torn page of a newspaper decorated with film cartons and cigarette labels, made a speech remarkable for what is called biting satire in a politician and rudeness in a small boy.

"Hikers, Bikers, Sharpybankers, and Car Swankers," he said, "a hearty welcome to one and all! You know why we are here. A campaign of calumny against us, started by that rag the C.N., has now assumed alarming proportions. We are being seriously hindered in our great aim of Making the Motherland a Muckheap.

"Nor do we find our only enemies among the hypocrites of the Press. Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, and many others have, by leaving their camping-grounds clean, encouraged people to think that the Litter Lout's mess is unnecessary.

#### Back To the Good Old Days

"Ladies and gentlemen, we can counter that. We can force people to ban camps and picnics altogether. (Loud cheers.) Already several landlords have closed grounds which were once open to the public. (Applause.) Soon everyone who ventures off the highway will be pelted with something—orange peel or broken glass. (Prolonged applause.) Remember that the essence of defence is attack; we must be more and more offensive."

The President of the Road Hogs Alliance, who was the chief guest at the dinner, said he rejoiced in the formation of this sister society. People talked about spoiling Nature. What was Nature? Boloney. (Cheers.) Unless a stand was made against Nature and Prigs and Spoilsports there would soon be no freedom left, and the life of a Litter Lout would not be worth living. Their motto must be *Back! Back!* Back to the good old days when a man could do as he liked anywhere and everywhere, all over the country. (Prolonged applause.)

#### Marred Merrymaking

Sadness tinged the close of the evening, for, according to their ancient custom after food, the Litter Louts set up bottles and pelted them, and gloom marred the merrymaking when it was found that a splinter of glass had entered the Chief Litter Lout's eye.

He was removed to hospital, but had to wait, as the surgeons were busy dressing the wounds of six people injured in an accident caused by something thrown from a car; but it is believed that he will recover, and it is much hoped that he will see a little better.

## SLOWCOACHES AND THE SLUMS

### A SPEED-UP WANTED

Not Enough Being Done To Wipe Out Our Disgrace

### WHY NOT A LEADER WHO LEADS?

By a Correspondent

When the Government announced a new war on Slumdom we expressed regret that so late a date as September 30 should be named for the submission of clearance plans by the local authorities.

We deeply regret to learn that early September found fewer than 600 of the 1700 authorities with slum plans deposited at the Ministry of Health.

No doubt there will be haste at the eleventh hour, but if it takes so long to make plans what sort of progress are we to expect in actual demolition, or reconditioning, or rebuilding?

What is at stake in the matter is known to us all. War on the slums means at once the preservation of life and health, the conferring of decency and comfort on hundreds of thousands of hardworking women, and a great contribution to the solution of the unemployment problem.

It is hard to understand why a great nation, knowing these things so well, should falter in this good work.

#### An Object Lesson

Those who hesitate in such matters are unfaithful to democracy. If democratic institutions are to live (and we think it of the first importance to cherish them) they must be manned by men and women of determination and courage, who will get things done. The nation properly resents inaction, and if we do not get the right kind of action in public affairs we stand in grave danger of getting action of an undemocratic character.

The way in which the American people have supported President Roosevelt in his courageous attack on Trade Depression is an illustration of the great truth that *people love a leader who leads*. It should be an object lesson to those among us who hesitate in the face of serious issues and are too often content with a policy of drift.

Nothing would please our people better than to see the power of Government employed sternly and speedily to wipe out every slum in the land. We should applaud the Minister of Health if he took power to supersede any hesitant or defaulting local housing authority and cleared its slums away for it, imposing a special charge for doing so.

## THE SWALLOW'S FRIEND

When the writer was travelling, not long ago, on a liner passing within a few miles of the south coast of Italy a flight of swallows took refuge on the ship and perched on the spars and rigging.

Their enemies the hawks followed them even to this security, and one hawk was just swooping on a frightened swallow when a passenger frightened it away. The swallow fell on the deck, and was taken carefully into a cabin and nursed back to health.

But still the hawk perched menacingly at the top of the mast. Apparently it was an everyday affair in this part of the world, for the quartermaster went below in search of a heavy hand-broom and stealthily climbed the mast, hoping to catch the hawk unawares. But just as the broom was raised to strike, the bird saw him. "Never mind," smiled the sailor, "I'll get him when he roosts for the night."

And the swallows fluttered round the ship and perched on wires and ropes, as if they knew that their new abode held a friend, striving his utmost to protect them.



September 30, 1933

The Children's Newspaper

9

# SCOUTS OF SKYE • A ROMAN FLOOR • AUTUMN IN LONDON



**Berlin Schools Festival**—Folk-dancing was a feature of this festival, which was attended by thirty thousand Berlin schoolchildren.

**Scouts of Skye**—The Duke and Duchess of York inspected the Scouts at Portree during their visit to the Isle of Skye, and opened the Elgin Hostel for Boys.



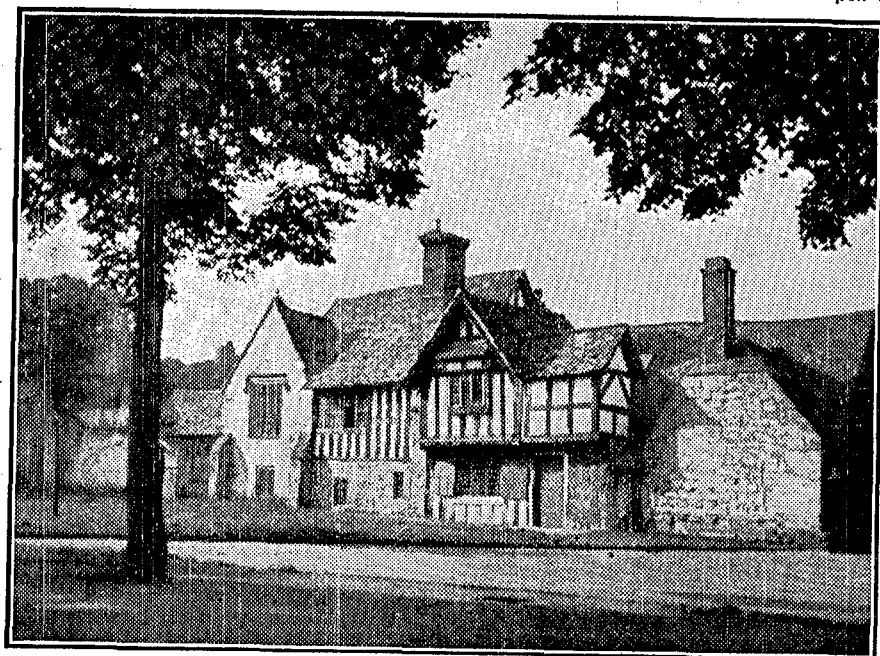
**A Roman Floor**—This girl washing a mosaic floor is one of the university students who have helped with the excavations at the Roman site of Verulamium at St Albans.



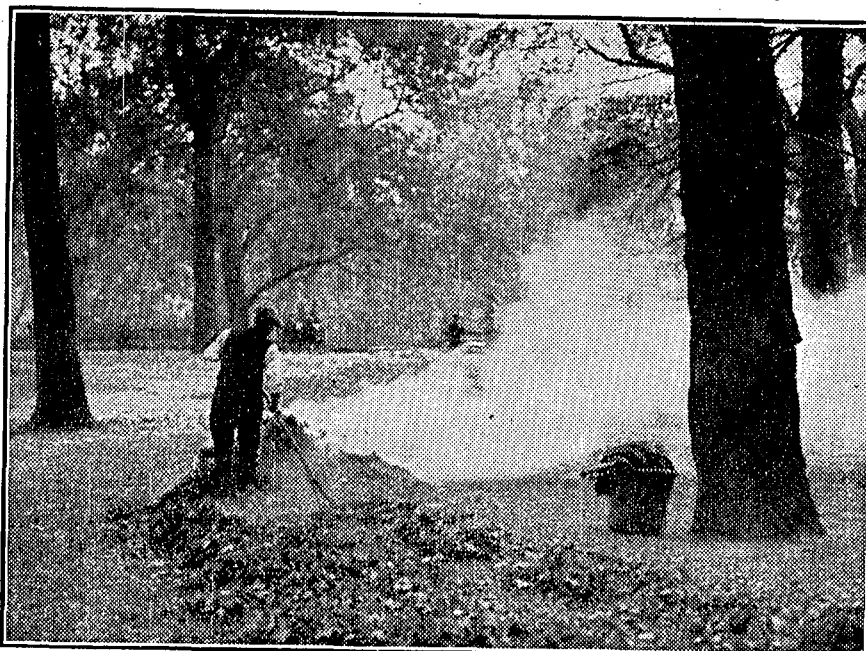
**At the Open-Air Theatre**—Mr John Drinkwater, the author and dramatist, is here seen making-up for his part of Prospero in *The Tempest* at the Regent's Park Open-Air Theatre.



**The Pilchard Harvest**—Here is a Newlyn boat laden with pilchards. The catches have been so heavy that Cornish fishermen have lost £1500 worth of nets.



**An Ancient Treasure**—This fine old timbered house is in Evesham, which is the centre of Worcestershire's great fruit-growing district.



**Autumn**—The fallen leaves are now being burned in London's central and suburban parks. The hot, dry summer has caused an early autumn.



## THE WHITE MAN'S PROMISE

### A SAD TALE THAT ENDS HAPPILY

#### The Man Who Broke His Word and the Man Who Kept It

#### GIPOLA'S MAHOGANY TREES

There is a story very pleasant to record in a new book, *From Jungle to Jutland*, by Major Claude Wallace.

He had to make a survey of unknown lands in the Liberian hinterland between the St Paula and Cavalla Rivers. After a long trek through forests of trees 200 feet high he came to a green valley where there was a village ruled by a Chief called Gipola.

He was quite friendly to the white man, but there was something on his mind, none the less, and by and by he brought out his grievance.

#### A Tattered Sheet of Paper

Several years ago there had come out of the great forest a man named Francis, who told the Chief that he was sent by an English company to look for mahogany. If Gipola would help him the Englishmen would pay the chieftain well. So Gipola showed Francis the mahogany trees, and gave him many labourers, who cut logs and took them to the river. Then Francis went away, leaving his promise written on a piece of paper.

But he never returned nor had anyone brought the money.

Major Wallace asked to see the paper, and the Chief showed him a dirty, tattered sheet, on which he could just make out the words.

*Francis thanks Gipola for the timber, and when he comes back he will pay him £7 for the mahogany.*

#### A Profitless Venture

Major Wallace was indignant at the way the native had been cheated, and he bethought him that future traders would stand little chance of getting help from Gipola if the tribesmen could not trust a white man's word. So he asked Gipola to let him have the promissory note, and offered to try to trace Francis and make him pay.

The old Chief did not like to give up the mysterious bit of paper which he had examined so often since Francis went away. The stranger might be a cheat, like Francis. But in the end he was persuaded.

Major Wallace discovered that Francis (that is not his real name) had cheated the English firm as well as Gipola, by giving a glowing report which induced them to embark on a profitless venture. Plant and sawmills were set up at Gbolobo, in vain. There was scarcely any workable mahogany in quantity along the Cavalla.

#### A Good Citizen

Francis, who was a mulatto, he did not find; but the English head of the unprofitable venture he discovered to be Mr Alfred S. Collard of Liverpool. When Major Wallace returned to England he made a special journey to Liverpool and gave Mr Collard the bit of paper.

Directly Mr Collard heard of the old Chief brooding over the broken promise he despatched £30 to the British Consulate at Monrovia, with instructions that it was to be sent at his expense to Gipola.

It is delightful to think of the old man's amazement when all that money was poured into his hands. "After all," he must have shouted, "the white man kept his word!"

He will remember the day to the end of his life in that far-away Liberian valley.

Liverpool and the world have a good citizen in Mr Alfred Collard.

## A SUFFOLK ADVENTURER

### Sailing Off To Spain

There is a young man, Mr Alan Smith of Woodbridge in Suffolk, who has become the owner of a 53-ton barge yacht with sails, folding masts for passing under bridges, and a motor-engine.

Mr Smith had not enough money to pay for the boat, even with the help of gifts from friends, so he made up the difference by selling the house where he and his mother used to live.

Now these two are off to Spain. Mrs Smith is to live most of the year on land, while her son will live on board and enter into missionary work among the fisher folk on the Spanish coast.

An experienced skipper is taking them across to their starting-place, and a lady is providing these plucky adventurers with a set of rooms in a little house in Porto Novo, a small fishing town in north-west Spain. Here Mrs Smith will make her home.

For years the owner of this little house has herself, together with her own son, worked in another part of the coast among the Spanish fisher folk.

Mr Smith has been allowed a free berth for his vessel for some time on the Thames, where he has gained some nautical experience; and now that his mission ship is equipped he hopes to start very soon for Porto Novo.

### HOW TO MULTIPLY APPLES

Mr W. G. Kent has been showing the fruit-farmers of Kent how to make two apples grow where only one grew before.

It is all a matter of killing the insects that the apples may survive.

Repeated spraying of apple trees with Bordeaux Mixture, which consists of copper sulphate, hydrated lime, and lead arsenate, gave nearly 95 per cent of healthy apples, whereas unsprayed trees gave about 30 per cent of good fruit.

The experiment was made in an orchard where disease had previously destroyed much of the crop.

### EIGHT HOURS A DAY

Italy has now enacted an eight-hours working day.

Wage-earning and salaried employees of industrial undertakings, both public and private, are covered by the new law; but post office, transport, and fisheries are excluded.

In cases of accident or urgency, hours may be extended and overtime paid on terms fixed by collective agreement.

So the goal of universal labour agreement draws nearer.

### PRISONER, COME TO TEA

There appeared before the magistrates at Oxford the other day a boy of 17 who, because he could not find work, had come to the desperate conclusion that life was not worth living.

He was not sent to prison. He was asked to tea with one of the magistrates that afternoon. Now he has made a new start, and believes with all his soul that life is worth living.

If a little kindness can do so much, cannot we all have a little more of it?

### A PENNY RIDE AND A TWOPENNY ONE

Sadler's Wells is a twopenny ride from Piccadilly Circus and the Old Vic is a penny ride from the Strand. But no one knows it. The Londoners quite approve of them in theory, but they cannot be bothered to find out and get there in practice. (*Where is this Sadler's Wells place? I've always wanted to know.*)

John Glyn Roberts in a new book

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Amasia . . . . .	Ah-mah-se-ah
Lima . . . . .	Ly-mah
Manaos . . . . .	Mah-nah-oosh
Para . . . . .	Pah-rah
Tshakedi . . . . .	See-kay-dee

## THE OLD JAM POTS

### Did Lady Jane Grey Know Them?

The London Museum has a very interesting relic, which may have been familiar to Lady Jane Grey and her sisters in their home at Bradgate Park in Leicestershire.

It is a casket containing six preserve jars of green glass which has been lent to the museum by Mrs Brooke-Booth. The jars have silver mounts bearing the Royal crown and Tudor rose. A clue to the housewife who owned them is given by the letters F.S., probably the initials of Frances Duchess of Suffolk, Lady Jane's mother, who was a niece of Henry Bluebeard.

The green jars have double tops of silver. The outer ones screw off, and the inner covers are locked by a tiny key which must have delighted the three little girls at Bradgate. The key has been handed down with the casket.

It was near Ipswich that this casket, which is made of pinewood covered with embossed brass, came to light.

## RAILWAY LANGUAGE

### What Asparagus Means

The British railways have evolved a code of telegraph language which draws largely upon the animal and vegetable worlds. Animals, reptiles, insects, flowers, and fruits all contribute to a time-saving code.

Thus Asparagus means "Do you agree to times of trains as under?" and Scorpion stands for "Carriage truck open (ordinary)." Bloater means a "4-wheel large covered fish-truck," and Beetle a "special cattle wagon."

If the goods department at Sloughton-on-the-Mud gets a wire "Frog," it knows that it stands for "Following wagons (named) detained at your station under load. Get them discharged at once and send today full written explanation of detention."

### A PEEP OVER THREE SHOULDERS

A Cheshire friend of ours confesses that, having often wondered what sort of books help the unemployed to while away long hours on the benches of a certain park in Hyde, he peeped over the shoulders of three of them the other day.

He was prepared to find them studying racing form, or deep in some cheap novel, but this is what he saw.

The first man was reading *Lavengro*.

The second was engrossed in a small tattered edition of *Green's Short History of the English People*.

The third had an equally worn copy of *Butcher and Lang's translation of the Odyssey*.

They were unemployed, but they were keeping their brains in good working order.

### THE WAYS OF THE LOU

The Litter Lout, who is usually a lazy creature, became unpleasantly active at Bournemouth one day not long ago.

As if strewing the beach with rubbish were not enough he turned his attention to the esplanade, which soon became an eyesore, for ice-creams were being sold by the thousand here and the cartons in which the ices were wrapped were scattered everywhere.

Some visitors left their cartons under the seats or dropped them carelessly on the ground, but the more vigorous vandals hurled them over the railing to the beach below, oblivious of the fact that people were sitting there. One lady who had come to Bournemouth for a much-needed rest was struck three times by a Litter Lout, who made no apology when reprimanded but went on eating another and another and yet another ice.

## EINSTEIN

### THE MAN OF PEACE

#### Why a Price is Put on His Head By Hitler's Men

#### BACK TO BARBARISM

As we write Professor Einstein is safe in England, but there appears to be a price upon his head. The Nazis seem to have offered £1000 to any of their followers who will silence him for ever.

Einstein speaks Peace and would not take arms against a soldier, and the head which now has its price contains as fine a brain as there is in the world; but such things the Nazis do not understand. Peace has no place in their creed, and intelligence they can do without.

All they know is that Einstein is a Jew, and has spoken for those who cannot speak for themselves—the murdered, the imprisoned, the terrorised victims of an armed gang.

He, with many others, formed a committee to voice their wrongs, and the Brown Book of the Hitler Terror has been published, with 350 pages of indictment against the Nazis.

#### A List of Murders

The tragic facts culminate in a ten-page list of murders proved without doubt to have been carried out by Nazis; and here, too, is set down evidence suggesting that it was not the Communists who set fire to the Reichstag, but the Nazis themselves.

Other murders have followed since this Brown Book was printed, including that of Herr Lessing, once Professor of Philosophy at Hanover Polytechnic. He had warned Germany of the approaching Nazi danger, and was a voluntary exile in Czecho-Slovakia after the elections. But even there he was not safe; a price was on his head, and someone climbed a ladder and shot him as he sat writing at his desk.

Now a price is on Einstein's head, and this man of peace, staying with friends in an English country house, must be protected night and day from hired men. Herr Hitler has turned back the pages of history, and we are living again in a barbarous age.

## A BOY'S DISCOVERY

### Looking For Blackberries and Finding History

A boy of 11 went blackberrying near Bentley in Hampshire the other day, and brought his father back something better than berries.

It was a handful of potsherds.

The father, Major A. G. Wade, F.S.A., knew them for treasure, and got permission to dig where they were found. He unearthed a Roman grave of the second half of the first century A.D. It held 12 keel-shaped urns containing bones, and there was much charcoal with them.

This is interesting in itself, but it is still more interesting for the light it throws on local records. The land where the grave was found is called Bury Court Farm, and now the reason is clear.

In a document of 976 the southern boundary of Crondall Manor is thus described: "Thenceforth to the Bentley boundary: so on to the heathen burial-place, thence west to the boundary where Elfstan lieth in heathen burial."

Nobody could find these burial-grounds. But now a boy has gone out blackberrying and brought home history.

### FEWER RAILWAYMEN

The wages bill of our railways was nearly £6,000,000 less last year than in 1931, when the total paid in salaries and wages amounted to £105,835,000.

There was a decrease of nearly 32,000 men employed during the year. In March this year the total staff numbered 566,300, and the number has been declining steadily since 1924, when the figure was 700,000.



## THE CELESTIAL RAM

### STARS OF ARIES

#### Two Great Suns Revolving Round a Central Point

#### A STRIKING GROUP

By the C.N. Astronomer

The celestial Ram with its fleece of gold, which is represented by the constellation of Aries, is now high in the south-east.

Its three most prominent and interesting stars, Hamal, Beta, and Gamma, form a striking group in a region devoid of other bright stars. They may be easily identified from our star-map, which also indicates the position of the great world of Uranus.

This planet, though at present between the inconspicuous stars Omicron and Pi, of the constellation of Pisces, the Fishes, is on the threshold of Aries and so getting into better position for observation. Owing to its faintness Uranus will be easier to find in a fortnight's time, when the Moon is out of the way, when it will be further dealt with.

On Thursday evening the Moon will be a little way below Aries, but, although helping to indicate its position, it will, of course, be best to observe this constellation at some other time.



The chief stars of Aries

Hamal, which means a sheep, according to the ancient Arabic astronomers, is also known as Alpha Arietis, or Alpha in Aries. It is a brilliant second-magnitude star, radiating about 60 times the light of our Sun but from a distance 4,826,000 times greater; so its light takes about 76 years to reach us.

Beta in Aries, also known by its Arabic name Sharatan, is composed of two great suns which revolve around a central point between them in 107 days, at the average rate of 20 miles a second. This is just a little faster than the Earth's speed of about 18½ miles a second.

They are suns much larger than ours, their centres being at the average distance apart of 28,750,000 miles (this is about the perihelion distance of the planet Mercury from the Sun). But one does not travel round the other as the planets travel round our Sun, for as they are both great bodies each one exerts a great gravitational pull on the other, with the result that, instead of one revolving round the other, they each revolve in an orbit.

#### Common Centre of Gravity

The most massive sun has the smaller orbit of the two, but both move round a common centre of gravity, as it is called. This centre is a mathematical point somewhere in space, and with nothing visible to indicate it, but it is the centre of their combined mass and so the pivot of both their orbits.

It is a common and necessary feature of the orbits of double suns, but the Earth and the Moon are the only good examples of it in the Solar System. In this case the Moon does not revolve round the centre of the Earth, but round a point about 3000 miles from it, and therefore nearly 1000 miles below the Earth's surface. Round this point our world revolves once a month, the Moon revolving in the much larger orbit.

The light from Beta in Aries takes about 50 years to travel from where its great suns thus revolve, a distance 3,164,000 times farther than our Sun. About 2100 years ago this star was of great importance, because it then indicated the First Point of Aries, and marked the Vernal Equinox together with the beginning of the year. Now, owing to the Precession of the Equinoxes, this Vernal equinoctial point is nearly 30 degrees to the west, though it is still called the First Point of Aries. G. F. M.

## THE DUCKLINGS COME TO CALL

Someone has been telling an amusing story of a clutch of sheld-duck that lost their parents and adopted human ones for some days in their place.

Sheld-duck are among the most beautiful sights that the bird watcher can see on our flats and sandy coasts: large white birds with green heads and green wing tips, and a broad brown necklace which they wear in the place where the Lord Mayor puts his chain.

Generally they bring up their children with great care in a sheltered place in the sand dunes, often enough in rabbit holes out of which they have energetically driven the bunnies. They feed them well, too, on worms and seaweed and small shellfish, until they think they are old enough to fend for themselves. Then the father and mother lead the children in a lovely procession to the water and leave them to grow up in a new and delightful world.

#### An Unusual Noise

But this particular pair of sheld-duck had made a muddle of things. Either they had lost the children or the children had lost them. Whatever the cause was, two people living in a hut on the Norfolk dunes heard an unusual noise at the door and found that six young sheld-duck had come to tea.

They heard a persistent note in the sky and saw the mother bird flying round, calling for her children. Thinking perhaps she had really lost them they took the young birds and put them down in the sand where they could be plainly seen from the sky. Still the mother did not descend. She soared higher in the sky, making wider circles, and disappeared.

Back the ducklings marched to the hut door. Their host gave them a good tea of bread and milk and then, as night was falling, arranged a comfortable nest for them and went to bed. In the morning they were called bright and early by the six ducklings, who had awakened long before dawn and thought they would like more bread and milk.

#### Too Much of a Good Thing

Again they were liberally fed, and, by way of saying Thank you, they followed their new father and mother about all day. When the parents went inside and shut the door their new children clamoured outside till it was reopened.

When the parents went to call on a friend the six were at their heels. When they went out for a long tramp the ducklings went too, and quite spoiled the tramp for their elders, who were too kind-hearted to make their followers suffer. So they sat down in the sun, and with gurgles of contentment the six sat down with them.

"This is getting too much of a good thing," said the dweller in the hut. "We must give them the slip."

The next day, after a little thought, the two decided to lead their followers down to the marshes and try to lose them. But the young ones tracked their dear foster-parents back on their swift course through tall bushes that completely hid them.

#### Over the Sands

The next day the dwellers in the hut had decided to go across to the mainland, walking over the sands at low tide. They shooed as hard as they could, but the six only opened their absurd mouths, quacked lovingly at them, and followed. But it happened that on the way the party passed the arm of a creek, and quite suddenly the young sheld-duck took to the wave. Their elders left them there, swimming about in a state of great hilarity.

Toward evening the foster-parents were delighted to see the old bird in the sky again, coming lower and lower toward the creek. They stayed a moment watching the beautiful sight, then hurried home and shut the door.

The next morning they slept in peace.

## A GOOD SUMMER FOR THE ZOO

### UNOFFICIAL RATIONS

#### Thoughtless Visitors Who Bring Suffering on the Animals

#### MRS PARKER GETS HER OWN BACK

By Our Zoo Correspondent

A warm dry summer invariably brings a good season for the Zoo, and for weeks the animals have been receiving a continuous flow of visitors and a generous supply of unofficial rations.

But although they have enjoyed it all some of them have suffered through the thoughtlessness of their admirers, whose gifts of unsuitable food have resulted in bad attacks of indigestion.

Several monkeys have had cuts and septic wounds through the mirrors and penknives given them by their visitors.

#### Teased Chimpanzee Reprisals

To watch a monkey gazing at himself in a mirror or trying to use a penknife may be amusing; but although one monkey left to himself might play for hours with a knife without cutting himself, when two or three of these animals share a den they will fight for possession of it till someone gets cut.

One of the chimpanzees is fond of tobacco, and in spite of the notice on her den requesting visitors not to give her cigarettes she manages to get several smokes in the course of a busy day, and in the evening is very sick.

Fortunately teasing is becoming far less common, but a few Zoo visitors still indulge in this cruel pastime.

Two of the worst sufferers in the Monkey House have, however, learned how to be revenged on their tormentors. One of them is a baboon known as Mrs Parker, and when teased she stands over her drinking-trough and kicks the water so violently that the onlookers are well splashed. Another, a chimpanzee named Jack, soaks newspapers in his drinking-trough ready to throw into the face of anyone who annoys him.

#### A Delightful Picture

From Whipsnade comes the news that three more babies have arrived on the scene, and that the monkeys are still getting into mischief.

The new baby animals are a yak, a Mongolian wild horse, and an Afrikander calf; and all three make a delightful picture as they wander about the grounds with their parents.

More inhabitants of the new monkey colony are finding their way to freedom. As soon as they were placed in their wooden enclosure one of them managed to jump out; four others have now followed his example.

Every morning before the park is opened to the public these mischievous little animals jump out of the enclosure, and when visitors arrive will beg for food, and cause endless amusement by running all over Whipsnade Wood, climbing the trees and jumping from branch to branch. But at nightfall, when the lions roar and the wolves begin to howl, the adventurers grow nervous and quickly climb back to safety.

#### SAVING THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS

The number of Widows and Orphans receiving State pensions under the law continues to increase. Over 90,000 new claims were allowed last year.

It is good to know that pensions now sweeten the lives of 1,028,623 people: Widows, 694,780; Children, 315,794; and Orphans, 18,049.

The strange thing about these great steps in social history is that, after much hesitation and disagreement, they at last become the law of the land, and then they are accepted as commonplace facts. These pensions amount to about £21,000,000 a year.



## Health and Happiness go together

HIGH spirits and happiness in children are sure signs of robust health and abundant energy and vitality.

The foundation of good health is proper and adequate nourishment. That is why delicious "Ovaltine" should be the meal-time beverage for every child.

"Ovaltine" is 100 per cent. health-giving nourishment. It contains, in the correct proportions, every nutritive element essential for building up strong healthy bodies, sound nerves and alert minds. And it supplies an abundance of energy-creating nutriment to make good the energy and vitality which children spend so prodigally all day long.

"Ovaltine" is scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs from the "Ovaltine" farms. Unlike imitations, it does not contain household sugar to give it bulk and to reduce the cost. Nor does it contain a large percentage of cocoa.

Considering its supreme health-giving properties, "Ovaltine" is by far the most economical food beverage you can buy. Do not be induced to accept a substitute for "Ovaltine"—there is nothing like it and nothing "just as good."

**OVALTINE**  
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland  
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.



# Are you having all the fun you want?



If not, hurry up and join the League of Youth. Boys and Girls! Any age! You'll have no end of fun. It's incredible the amount of FREE pleasures open to Daily Sketch Leaguers. Not stuffy sorts of things—but the jolliest in the world. **Free.** Just the things you like best. Once you're a member and have a couple of hours to spare, look up the membership book, and, presto! you'll find somewhere to go—**something super to do, for nothing!**

The one thing that Daily Sketch insists on in return for these grand free privileges is that you try to become a splendid British citizen. Read about it in the membership book—it's awfully simple.

## HOW IS IT DONE?

Well, Daily Sketch realizes that all young people need encouragement. You can't expect them to become splendid citizens just because Daily Sketch says so. You can't expect them even to work for the famous Medal of Honour such as Amy and Jim Mollison have earned as Senior Members, without letting them enjoy themselves at the same time. But once they get in the way Daily Sketch believes they'll continue the habit—and gain this Medal of Honour for themselves.

## LEAGUE PRIVILEGES

Directly you enrol and receive your beautiful scarlet and oxydised silver badge and membership book you are eligible as a junior member for free entry to crowds of jolly places. A hundred of them are listed in the handy diary-dictionary-encyclopedia that you receive free. This slips into your pocket and gives you a lot of useful information. And Daily Sketch is preparing a number of delightful surprise privileges.

Among the free entry places mentioned in the book (which tells you all about the League) are: Zoos, Pleasure Gardens, Seaside Piers, Matinées, Pleasure Palaces, and a lot more.

Read all about it in Daily Sketch (Children's Page), but so as not to miss any of the fun first fill in the coupon.

Join the League to-day and you can immediately enjoy all these marvellous privileges. So enrol by sending 1/- P.O. at once to DAILY SKETCH so that you do not miss any of the fun. (After the cost of the Badge and Membership Book has been deducted the rest of your shilling is put in the Good Deeds Fund for the provision of wireless sets in Children's Hospitals; some 22 of such hospitals have already been equipped by League Members. Fine work!)

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**Get all your friends to come in with you too—it's great!**

## TREE CATHEDRAL A Living Wonder of Scotland

One of our readers sends us this note from Bonnie Scotland of a wonderful thing which owes its existence to a partnership between Nature and man.

Mr Mackay, the owner of Glencruitten estate, near Oban, with his daughter's help, has planned this beautiful retreat among the high hills of Argyllshire. Sir Harry Lauder visited this cathedral a few weeks ago, and since then large numbers of visitors have come to know of it and have sought admittance.

Mr Mackay generously granted permission to enter on payment of a small sum to the local hospital, but here again we have the abuser of privileges, a lady visitor cutting and carrying off white heather with the result that there is a likelihood of the estate being closed to the public.

### An Arch of Yews

The entrance to the cathedral is formed of two Scottish yews trimmed to form an arch. Once inside, the visitor sees on either side of the aisle 75 varieties of heath and heather with yews planted at intervals to form pillars. The walls consist of a double row of chestnuts and yews. The choir is row upon row of golden yews, and the altar is usually planted with stocks and such plants as will stand the climate.

In the chapter-house, which is surrounded with ordinary and golden yew trees placed alternately, is a plot of the grass with what appear at first sight to be mere blocks of wood, but on closer inspection prove to be fossilised wood from Florida.

The cathedral has been rising for ten years, and is well worth visiting. It is to be hoped that the good behaviour of future visitors will encourage the owner to continue his generosity in allowing the public to see it.

## UP AND DOWN, UP AND DOWN

### An Anxious Waiting Night

Not long ago in India an Indian band of musicians was called out for a strange purpose in the middle of the night. Tom-toms were beaten madly, voices chanted, and men danced and clapped their hands.

Close to them, up and down, up and down, two figures paced through the night. One was an Indian doctor and the other another Indian who had been bitten by a cobra, and the great thing was to keep him awake; if once he slept he would become comatose and never wake again.

Now and again the walking figures stopped, but only that the patient might be injected with a snake-bite antidote. Then up and down, up and down, again the pacing began, while the tom-toms wildly beat, and the night was made hideous with noise.

By the time morning came the double charm had worked its wonders; the "patient had passed a restless and wakeful night," the poison had abated, and all was well.

### WHO WAS STRABO?

Born Amasia, Pontus, about 63 B.C.  
Died about 21 A.D.

Little is known of the greatest geographer of antiquity, except from the record of his travels. These embraced visits to Greece and Italy, Egypt, up the Nile, Africa, and Asia Minor. His work "surpasses all the other geographical writings of antiquity, both in grandeur of plan and in the abundance and variety of its materials."

Many of his estimates of the size and configuration of the world were hopelessly wrong, but the performance was very wonderful, his scanty resources considered.

## WHAT A CAT SEEMED TO KNOW

### A Tale From a Nursing Home

By a Patient There

Can anything be more delightful for a genuine cat-lover than to be welcomed, on arriving in a strange place, by an amiable and amicable member of the tribe?

A friend of the C.N. was lately obliged to enter a nursing home to undergo an operation. The first thing she saw on stepping out of the lift was an exceptionally pretty, sleek tabby. And the first thing the tabby did at sight of her was to come forward and rub itself, with loud purrs, against her legs.

A nurse, passing by, introduced them to each other.

"This is Bessie, the Sister's cat," she said; "she has just had three lovely kittens."

"Oh!" cried the newcomer delightedly. "Won't you show me your kittens?"

Bessie's eyes wandered searchingly up and down the passage; but she had evidently mislaid her offspring for the moment, and meanwhile the patient was fetched by another nurse.

### Visiting Day

For the next three days she was too absorbed in her own affairs to remember either Bessie or her kittens; but on the fourth day she was reminded in a manner she will not soon forget.

It was the first day that she was allowed to receive visitors, and she lay expectantly watching the door when a slight sound made her turn her eyes toward the window—just in time to see Bessie clambering over the sill, Bessie with the most adorable black kitten in her mouth, which she proceeded to lay on the floor for inspection.

Any mother must have been proud to show off such a baby; the question was, How had she known which room to enter?

The patient is convinced not only that the visit was meant for her personally, because of the interest she had shown, but also that Bessie, being a nursing home cat, knew the exact date when she would be able to see visitors, and had timed her coming accordingly!

## A FORTUNE FOR THE BIRDS

### Dungeness and Its Sanctuary

One good deed deserves another, the proverb says. Where Dungeness juts out into the Channel the Kentish plover, the stone curlew, and many another rare sea-bird find a home.

It is a home as much their own as that of any native-born and can never be taken from them because here, the largest natural undisturbed area on the South Coast, has been made a bird sanctuary for all time.

A few years ago the most important section of it was threatened by the builder. One man stepped in to prevent it. He was not a rich man but a retired science teacher with a pension of £138 a year and a modest fortune of something short of £6000 to supplement it. Of this fortune he pledged £5585 for the birds.

The birds still have it. Their sanctuary is secure. No one has offered to return to Mr R. B. Burrowes the fortune he so bravely forfeited; but there are a few people who think something should be done for this generous man.

He lodged with his bank securities worth £1740 to enable the loan on behalf of the Dungeness Preservation Fund to be raised, and it would be a great comfort to him to have these securities back again. Even when they were returned he would be £3845 out of pocket.

Any well-disposed persons who think so, and believe that the best way to recognise a generous deed is to share it, should send a subscription to this end to the Manager, Lloyds Bank, Canterbury.



## FAMOUS PEOPLE OF THE PAST

### By Famous People of Today

Now that the Government is apparently beginning to realise the value of publicity it seems worth while to say a word about one small enterprise started for the nation by one of its servants.

It is a joy to come across anything so well done as the National Portrait Gallery's issue of postcards, reproducing a portrait on one side with a miniature biography on the other.

Most of them well under a hundred words, these biographies are gems of concise imaginative writing. Sir Evans Charteris, the Chairman of this great Gallery, one of our most precious national possessions, has inspired and carried through the whole idea of these postcards, and has seen that the biographer in each case is well worthy of his subject.

Viscount D'Abernon in 74 words epitomises Gladstone's hopes and struggles; Mr Churchill tells of his famous ancestor the Duke of Marlborough; Miss Virginia Woolf writes on George Eliot; Sir Henry Newbolt on Francis Drake; Mr Chesterton on Browning, and Mr Laurence Binyon on Blake.

There are 79 postcards altogether, to be bought as a set for half a guinea. Here are a few of the biographies.

**Matthew Arnold—By Sir Charles Holmes**

To his own age the formidable high priest of reason and culture: to ours, the most wistful and intimate of Victorian poets.

**William Blake—By Laurence Binyon**

Poet, artist, seer. A Londoner. Lived and died poor. Rebelling against the Age of Reason, he sought to redeem the world by Imagination. Wrote, engraved, printed, and decorated Songs of Innocence, followed by a series of books unique in the history of printing.

The greatest modern master of original line-engraving (Illustrations to Job). Unmatched for spiritual intensity of imagination, both as lyricist and as painter.

**Oliver Cromwell—By John Drinkwater**

An inconspicuous farmer with a modest local reputation in public affairs until he was forty. But his character epitomised the smouldering Puritan revolt, and when Civil War broke out he revealed a demoniac energy.

He made and led a new army, which was never defeated in the field. Destroying royalist tyranny, he himself became an autocratic ruler for ten years. His power reverted to the Stuarts at his death, but he had laid the foundations of civil liberty in England.

**Sir Francis Drake—By Sir Henry Newbolt**

Born near Tavistock, thrice voyaged to the New World, sacking Spanish ships, towns, and caravans. Sent again by Queen Elizabeth (1576) he sailed round the world and returned (1580) with tons of silver and gold.

Pirate he was; but England had no other redress against Spain. Elizabeth made him Knight, Admiral of the Narrow Seas, second in command against the Armada. He died at sea after a life which all but matched his legendary fame.

**Mary Queen of Scots—By Sir James Barrie**

Daughter of James V of Scotland. Still haunts that country. Thrice married. Mother of James I of England (her poorest achievement). Two more high-mettled ladies than she (the Roman) and Elizabeth (the Protestant) never sat on adjacent thrones.

Their duel was for religion, Mary being Elizabeth's heir. At the age of 26 she was imprisoned by Elizabeth for 19 years and then beheaded. It was perhaps necessary for the welfare of

## THE BRYANSTON BOYS

### A New Way at School

One day we shall hear more about the Twentieth-Century pioneers who are quietly breaking away from old traditions and making brave experiments in education.

Everybody who reads *Et Nova Et Vetera* (New and Old), a beautiful booklet produced at Bryanston School in Dorset, will realise something of the significance of the new movement, which may revolutionise education.

Nearly all the illustrations, which show delightful originality, are the work of the boys, and prove how worthwhile the experiment is of developing a child's imagination and power of invention, instead of cramming him with information.

#### Term Time Exchanges

Last year 18 boys exchanged schools in term time for five weeks with a party of German boys of a well-known school in Baden. Sometimes the boys go mountaineering during the holidays. Drilling, forestry, map-reading, and camping train them in self-reliance, initiative, and the spirit of responsibility and service. The boys of Bryanston are also taught how the other half of the world lives, for the school takes an interest in clubs for East End boys; and they sometimes take part in community work in a South Wales mining town, helping to make scrap heaps into gardens, and so on.

So the world goes round, moving ever to better things.

#### 100,000 UNEMPLOYED FIND A WAY OUT

Over 100,000 unemployed are at present working on allotments. They are not only helping to feed themselves but are selling what is over to provide money for other things.

The report of the National Allotments Society is good reading. Over 250 new societies have joined directly, and 50 indirectly, during the past year, the interest being greatest in South Wales and the North of England.

The men are given tools, seeds, and manure and a sufficient piece of land on which to spend their time and energy. A most encouraging thing is that the men thus helped do not look on it as a temporary business to tide over a bad time, but as a real opening, permitting them to get back to the land for a living.

Continued from the previous column

Britain that one of them should destroy the other.

**William Shakespeare—By Maurice Baring**

William Shakespeare, greatest of dramatic poets, son of a fellmonger, born at Stratford-on-Avon, married, went to London, published poems, and became an actor.

He wrote comedies, histories, and tragedies. Retired on a competence to Stratford, where he died. The appeal of his works has been universal; irrespective of date, race, class, or age.

The sanity of his outlook and his knowledge of human nature matched an imagination whose dimensions, and a style whose magic, have never been surpassed.

**Tennyson—By Walter de la Mare**

Alfred Tennyson, the representative English poet and laureate of the Victorian Age, spent his childhood in the rectory at Somersby, Lincolnshire. His genius was already recognised by many gifted friends when Poems of 1842 established his reputation. Lover of England and diviner of Nature, prolific yet fastidious, and famed from Court to cottage, he was a fine and various artist and a master of poetic craftsmanship. He died, an old man, when the Moon was at the full, a copy of *Cymbeline* open upon his bed.



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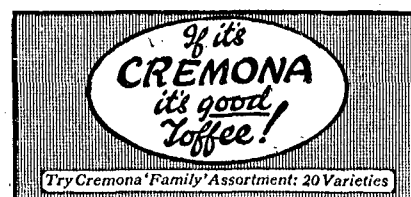
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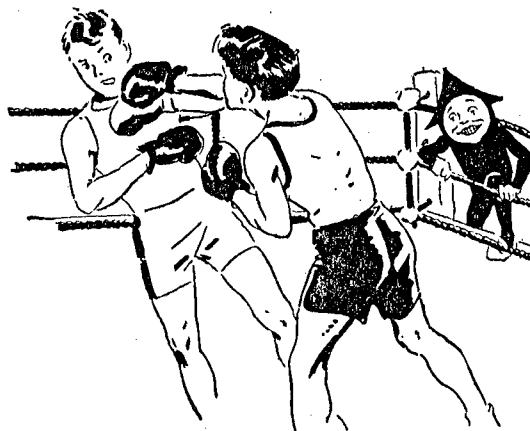
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## What's behind the punch?



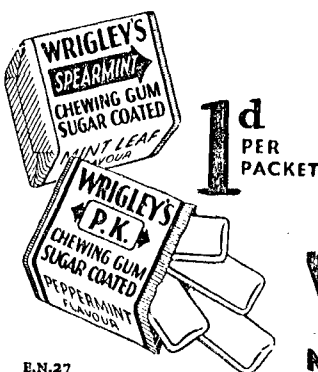
There's more in this than "meets the eye"—as one would-be champion soon found. It needs physical fitness and a steady hand. Wrigley's helps before and after any event. It relieves tension, makes you feel fit by making your mouth cool and fresh. Always chew Wrigley's after every meal—it helps teeth to stay clean and white... sweetens the breath. It is the ideal thirst quencher... with the lasting flavour.

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# WRIGLEY'S

MEANS BETTER CHEWING GUM



E.N.27



# THE THREE CHIMNEYS

Serial Story by  
Gunby Hadath

## What Has Happened Before

Esther is a staunch believer in the fame of St Drinnen's. And, although Paul is inclined to laugh at her tales of the old Wishing Well, to please her he throws in his pennies and makes his wish.

They are turning away when old Fyn's dog appears, and leads them to his master, who has had an accident.

## CHAPTER 3 None Can Help

It was only because the hour just before dusk was held to be the most favourable hour for wishing that Paul and Esther had paid their visit so late. It was only because the well was so sheltered that both had missed the signs of an oncoming storm. And though while they attended to Fyn the wind had been rising and the brooding sky had taken a sullen appearance, they had been too busy to bother their heads about that.

But now, as they retrieved their steps from the gully, they were to encounter the fullest force of a violent wind which drove against their faces as they stumbled on through the growing darkness. It came roaring across from the sea. The moor was howling with it. They bent themselves double; they attempted to quicken their pace but were battered back, breathless; next they tried with linked arms to resist it, and were nearly thrown over.

And a deeper darkness came down; a thick, growing darkness.

Then the rain descended in sheets.

But neither of them was afraid of losing the way, for they knew the moor too well, or, rather, this patch of it; which, threaded by sheep-tracks and in summer-time humming with insects and scented with broom, stretched right across the headland from far St Tregarthen to the wild and rugged cliffs above Jettison Cove, cliffs pierced by caverns only accessible from the water, and in full sight of those two giant rocks, the Three Chimneys and the Grimballs, which reared themselves so terribly out of the sea—twin castles of destruction to seamen and shipping.

About half a mile south-west of Jettison Cove, and rising some seventy feet above high-water mark, these two notorious rocks were divided by a deep channel through which the water seethed in bad weather.

Shunned by the sea-fowl and bare of all vegetation, the Grimballs was so called for some reason long buried. But its consort took its name from its three jagged spires which went tapering to the sky like the clefts of a mountain. Well underneath these there stretched a plateau of coarse wiry grass well studded with stones, and used in the troublesome days of old as a watch-tower from where the men of the coast kept a look-out for their enemies. Indeed, at one time an actual round tower had stood there; the foundations survived though its walls had been scattered.

Below the scarred cliffs that stood staring at the Three Chimneys nestled Jettison Cove itself, a considerable triangle of white beach, broadening where its base dipped into the ocean and narrowing the further its apex receded; for it ran into the walls of the cliff like a wedge.

And, sheltered by those walls into which it was wedged, the sea had further carved for it ledges and shelves, to make room here and there for some fisherman's cottage, for the church of St Padrock, and presently for Carn Dolphin, that tumbledown structure where Paul Trevoze lived with his father. Then inland, at less than a furlong, the Young Sailor Inn, with its enormous cellars hewed deep in the rock for the smugglers, to store their cargoes until the pack-horses fetched them to carry them at dead of night over the moor.

But the smugglers were long dead; and the Riding Officers. In God's Acre by the little church of St Padrock they were lying in all amity now, cheek by jowl.

It was but a sorry business, these orderly days, that was driven by that pleasant inn The Young Sailor. Indeed the mere handful of folk who inhabited the cove now would marvel often that its doors remained open, and would ask one another what kept Seth Hambly behind his cider barrels when he might have long since removed himself to Padstow or Penzance. But they never asked this of Seth, who would certainly have told them to mind their own business.

His father and grandfather had both had The Young Sailor.

So it may either have been that his roots had gone in too far or that he had some

other reason for staying. And it may have been also that Esther's father, Michael Porthgarra, could have made a pretty good shot at that other reason. He might have whispered that Seth was as deep as his cellars. But Michael was a shrewd man who stuck to his fishing and kept his tongue as little in use as Seth's inn.

Tonight, however, when Esther and Paul came out of the gale and reached the comparative shelter of The Young Sailor Inn, they found it ablaze with light and alive with commotion. It seemed that the whole cove was mustering. Amid so much bustling and shouting and running about it was hard at first to distinguish what was afoot, till presently Paul learned from Tony, the innkeeper's son, that word had been brought of a ship in distress and like to be dashed to pieces upon the Three Chimneys.

In tarpaulins and seaboots Michael Porthgarra came rushing. A burly fellow, with eyes as blue as his daughter's, he stood swaying for a moment and gasping for breath, while the water streamed from his sou' wester. In the one hand he was carrying a hurricane lamp, to the wrist of the other his powerful night-glasses were lashed, for he had battled his way down from the head of the cliff. The little company surrounded him for his tidings.

It was true, he announced. A ship had been blown off her course and, seemingly refusing to answer her helm, was being driven closer and closer to the Three Chimneys.

They crowded the rocky roadway in front of the inn, and perceived a sudden rocket piercing the sky.

"Aye, she's need of us," muttered Seth Hambly.

"But there's none can help her, Seth."

"Unless this hurricane mends."

"Nay, there's no sign o' mending."

As Michael spoke a gust nearly took him off his feet. They flattened their bodies against the inn wall, and stayed, peering.

Then the innkeeper plucked Michael's sleeve. "Could you con her?" he whispered.

"What ship she is?"

"Aye."

"Nay, it's hard to say," Michael paused. "Yet I calculated to know the cut o' her

jib," he added cautiously, with a glance at the other. "For it's in my mind she's a brig that I sailed upon once, Seth."

"A brig she is, is she?"

"I fancy so. Mebbe The Constance. Out o' Liverpool for Spain, Seth. So be I'm right." The wind had nigh-drowned his reply, but the innkeeper caught it. And the last few words were caught by one other as well, who had drawn beneath the lee of Michael's great frame.

This was Paul Trevoze.

He turned a blanched face on Esther.

## CHAPTER 4 The Wreck

THE men on the brig were desperately fighting for life.

When the hurricane had come shrieking across the ocean, to hurl the waves very nearly the height of their fore-tops, they had been taken unawares and lost some of their hamper before they could steady the vessel to ride the storm out. Yet how to ride such a storm out on a lee shore with all the force of the tempest urging them landward! And when the steering gear surrendered under the strain (for The Constance was but an old brig and ripe for the ship-breaker's yards) they rolled helplessly in the trough and tossed on the summits, in mortal fear that every fresh onrush would swamp them, trying every device but ever being carried remorselessly nearer destruction.

They had cut their masts adrift and battened all down. They were praying that a rescue might reach them in time. They were praying that the tempest would blow itself out or abate sufficiently to assuage their terror. They were praying that the vessel would hold together; and while they prayed they worked hard at the pumps.

For the old ship was springing a leak. Would this leak send her down first, or would that hideous crash on the rocks prove their ending?

In this jeopardy, in this terrible hour of doom, there was little of hope to sustain those who knew the coast best.

A grizzled man who was watching at the captain's side had his eyes set in the direction of his own rocks where his tumbledown house of Carn Dolphin stood in the darkness. It was little that he had recked to see it so soon again, nor could he distinguish it

now—but he knew that it waited. In what state would the old house take back its master? Only after the Three Chimneys had worked their will on him?

He had made his hoarse voice heard in the captain's ear. He had warned him of the Grimballs and the Three Chimneys. But what could a warning avail, now that all the seamanship on the ocean could no longer have saved that ship from the fury of the elements which were gradually forcing her nearer and nearer the shore, whence it was impossible for any succour to reach her? No small boat could live in such seas. Nor was any lifeboat within call that might have worked round in time to save her.

And yet did Michael Porthgarra essay the impossible. Having run his own boat down he called for assistance, and thrice they made a gallant effort to launch her. But each time they were overwhelmed by the breakers, in the last endeavour very nearly being drowned.

But they had never thought of leaving the ship to her fate, for though she perished some of her crew might escape. So Michael sent the women back to the inn, to get boiling water ready and blankets and beds, and despatched the men for plenty of life-lines and belts, bidding each as he returned to the beach to stand by. And he tried to send up flares to encourage the vessel, that at least she might know she had friends who were eager to help her. But the wind and the rain were too strong for his local contrivances.

Then Esther came down from the inn with piping hot coffee, which her father and his party gulped down great pannikins.

There was none in the cove who took his clothes off that night, nor one who would have dreamed of seeking his bed so long as a single plank of that lost vessel floated or the remotest chance remained of lending a hand.

In every window a lighted lamp had been set, to send its feeble glimmer into the night.

It was four o'clock in the morning when the ship struck, at the very mouth of the channel between the Grimballs and the Three Chimneys, where the whole surface of the sea was one savage whirlpool of crashing, churning, ravenous, and writhing destruction, which in its wrestle with maddened winds first flung the brig up, as freely almost as though she had been built of paper, then hurled her down with a crash that split all her timbers upon one of the broadest and loftiest ledges of rock.

There she remained at full-length for one terrible minute, even much as any toy ship set on a shelf, and then she began with a shuddering to slide backward—and had suddenly disappeared in the maelstrom below.

She was carried away, a dead thing, no longer a ship, but a lifeless hull that should serve to make sport for the ocean, and eventually, when the waves had grown tired of devouring, to be thrown ashore in pitiable fragments and pieces. The brig Constance out of Liverpool was no more.

But the captain, and the grizzled man who had shipped with him, and seven of the crew were not done with yet. They had dropped from the ship to the ledge upon which she was flung, and were clinging to it, with little breath left in their bodies.

They were frozen to the bone, they were bruised, battered, blinded, their hands and knees were bleeding; but they clung on. Below their ledge the sea kept leaping to get at them, soaking them at every attempt in its spume.

In that wretched condition they remained for nearly two hours.

Then, and even as the storm showed some promise of abatement, one wave, more tremendous than any that had preceded it, rose soaring and swept the ledge clean. Of the nine men thus washed away seven, as it was afterwards judged, sank instantly. But two were thrown clear.

One of these, a swimmer beyond the common, was carried away from the channel between the two rocks and, striking out, he managed to keep his head above water and chanced across a floating portion of wreckage, being none other than the after-end of the ship's keel. He contrived to stride this. Then, wrenching a plank apart for use as a paddle, though the assistance thus derived came nigh to being ludicrous, he began a gallant and extraordinary battle for life.

The light of dawn was struggling through the murk and from the beach they could distinguish him through their telescopes. Bawling fiercely, Michael Porthgarra moved toward his boat. Seth Hambly shook his head, but went crunching after him. And after these two, with a little pause, stepped old Cyrus.

But it was Paul, who had slipped into oilskins, who reached the boat first.

TO BE CONTINUED

## JACKO IN TROUBLE AGAIN

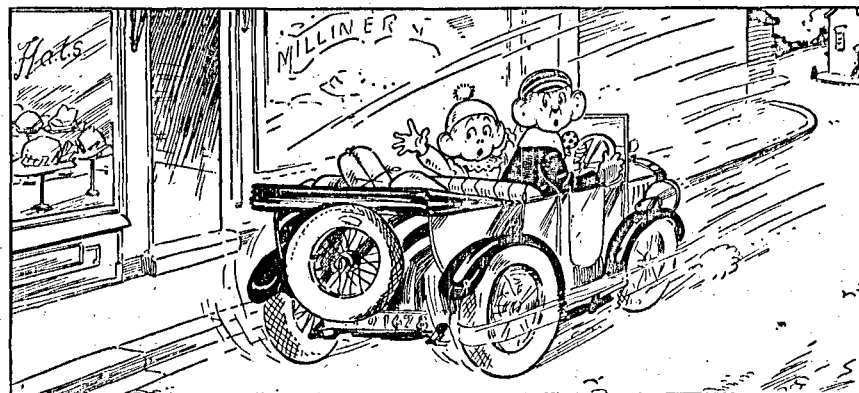
AUNT MARIA had motored over to Monkeyville for the day in her little car, and she took the boys out for a drive while she did some shopping.

"Now, Jacko," said Aunt Maria, when they stopped outside a hat shop, "you look after my parcels here. I am

But that's just what Jacko couldn't do, try as he would, and the car was wobbling about anyhow.

Bang! Wollop! Thump!

The car had met a lamppost, and all but turned over. It staggered and then righted itself; but in the process out



"Oo! Oo!" shouted Baby. "Stop! Help!"

going to buy a hat. If you're very good boys I will give you an ice."

Jacko and Baby sat very quiet and still; but Aunt Maria's hat took a long time to choose and at last they began to fidget.

"What's that stick part of the car?" Baby asked Jacko.

"Oh, that's the clutch," answered Jacko; "and this is the brake."

"You don't know how to work them," Baby said, with a mischievous grin.

"Oh, don't I then?" answered Jacko in a high and mighty tone. "You just do this"; and he gave the brake a push.

Off the car started backwards down a broad slope!

"Oo! Oo!" shouted Baby. "Help! Help! Stop it!"

flew Aunt Maria's parcels all over the road. Jacko and Baby crawled out, feeling very sorry for themselves.

"We shan't get our ices now," wailed Baby, as he rubbed his shoulder; but Jacko was staring at the car, hoping there wasn't much damage done.

Just at that moment Aunt Maria appeared, with a large hat-box in her hand. Why, wherever had her car gone? And then she saw.

"You bad, wicked boys!" she called. "I shall see that you are punished for playing such tricks."

As she drove off down the road the car squeaked and rattled so much that everyone they met turned to stare.

Jacko was sent straight to bed. They got no ices from Aunt Maria that day.





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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 30, 1933

Every Thursday 2d

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## THE BRAN TUB

### Buying Curtains

A LADY bought some material for curtains, for which she paid £12. For the same money she might have had a better-quality material costing a shilling a yard more, but that would have meant taking one yard less than the length she required.

How many yards did she buy?  
*Answer next week*

### A Simple Scissors Grinder

SCISSORS that have become blunt can be sharpened with emery paper. The method is simple. Just cut a few narrow strips from the paper, and it will be found that the scissors have sharpened themselves.

### Bolivar

THE stamp illustrated this week shows the monument erected in Lima to the memory of Simon Bolivar, the George Washington of South America. He gained the independence of Venezuela, New Granada, and Bolivia and became the first president of Colombia in 1819. Five years later he was appointed dictator of Northern Peru. He died in 1830.



### South Sea Fishermen

SOME natives of the South Seas catch fish by spearing them; others shoot them with bow and arrow; but others manage without any weapon at all.

The method is to select a spot where the water flows swiftly, and there build a big ring of stones with a narrow inlet. The fish are swept into the circle by the current, and are unable to escape before the native dives his hand into the water and snatches them out.

### Sleep

A FRENCH naturalist claims to have discovered that robins sing in their sleep; mackerel swim while asleep; elephants sleep while standing up; and that ants yawn and stretch like human beings when they wake.

### The Hidden Side of the Moon

WE are so accustomed to seeing only one side of the Moon that few people realise that about one-fifth of the hidden side of the lunar globe is actually visible to an observer with a telescope.

When the Moon moves round the Earth every month there is a certain swinging forwards, or libration as it is called, which

tends to bring part of the far side of the Moon into better view. Some of the loftiest mountains are near the southern pole, close to the rim of the disc. At times an observer can see craters and mountains near the edge, but these disappear as the Moon changes its position in relation to the Earth. It is reasonable to suppose that the remaining four-fifths of the side of the Moon which no man has ever seen show the same features as the visible side.

### Ici On Parle Français



Le rateau Le petit chien La flaque  
rake puppy puddle

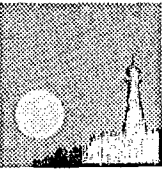
On attellera le cheval au rateau  
Ce petit chien s'appelle Toutou.  
Attention à cette flaque d'eau!

### Next Week in the Countryside

ONLY a few martins are now left, most of them having flown South. The common snipe is seen in considerable numbers. Linnetts and buntings are seen in flocks. Virginia creeper turns red and the maple turns yellow. Birch and cherry leaves are falling. Sloes are ripe.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Venus and Mars are in the West, and Saturn is in the South. There are no planets visible in the morning. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 p.m. on Tuesday, October 3.



### What Am I?

I HAVE no head, and a tail I lack,  
But oft have arms and legs and back;  
I dwell in the palace, the villa, the cot,  
Tis a beggarly residence where I am not.  
If a monarch were present, I tell you no fable,  
I still should be placed at the head of the table  
*Answer next week*

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Selling a Car. £40

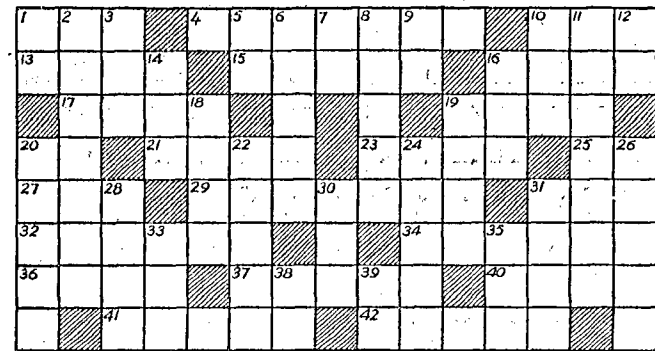
Arithmetical Word. MILE (the first three letters are Roman numerals and the E is a third of the word One).

What Am I? Football

Tangled Flowers. Narcissus, buttercup, marguerite, honeysuckle, cornflower, forget-me-not.

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 48 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. Vessel for carrying liquids. 4. Saluted. 10. Warp yarn. 13. A duty. 15. Narrow piece of cloth or land. 16. A chimney. 17. Case for carrying small articles. 19. Observes. 20. Field-Marshal\*. 21. To catch a glimpse of. 23. To scold. 25. Horse Power\*. 27. A portion. 29. A cradle song. 31. Industrious insect. 32. A hard glossy paint. 34. Surpasses. 36. Snake-like fishes. 37. One who scatters seed. 40. Kiln for drying hops. 41. A ridge of glacial gravel. 42. To overflow.

Reading Down. 1. Company\*. 2. Plant of the crowfoot family. 3. Fruit having a kernel and shell. 5. Rupees\*. 6. A motor fuel. 7. Eduardus Rex\*. 8. Jewelled head ornament. 9. Epistle\*. 10. A beverage. 11. Measures of capacity. 12. Exists. 14. Petition. 16. Recompense for services rendered. 18. Land surrounded by water. 19. River famous in mythology. 20. Rapid. 22. The rhythmic beating of the arteries. 24. Old word meaning to wander. 26. Pernicious things. 28. A story. 30. A rule of action established by recognised authority. 31. Leguminous plant. 33. Manuscripts\*. 35. Member of the bovine family. 38. Heraldic term for gold. 39. Editor\*.

## Dr MERRYMAN

### Time Not Always Money

TOM: Isn't it about time you paid for that wireless set I let you have?

DICK: It isn't a question of time, old chap, but of money.

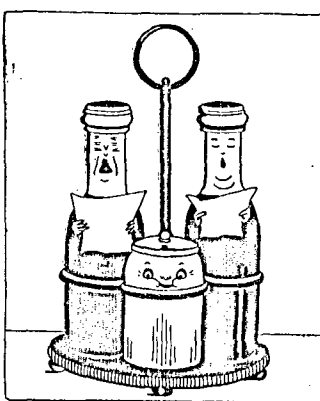
### A Long Way to Go

THEY were walking round the Zoo and came to the Giraffe House.

"If the giraffe gets its feet wet does it have a sore throat?" asked John.

"Yes," replied Bill. "But not till the week after."

### Lunch-Time Music



THE Vinegar and Oil, while standing in the cruet, thought that together they'd sing a little duet. The voice of the Vinegar was very sharp, I fear, while the Oil sang his part in a voice both soft and clear.

### Doubly Important

THE young man had been kept waiting and he was very annoyed.

"Sir," he said, when at last he was shown into the Chief's room, "I don't think you realise who I am; my father is an earl."

"Indeed, sir?" was the reply. "Kindly take a chair."

"And my father-in-law is a duke," continued the very important young man.

"Please take two chairs," said the Chief.

### Splitting the Peas

THE new maid had been entrusted with the preparation of dinner.

"What about the soup?" she was asked when she appeared with the fish.

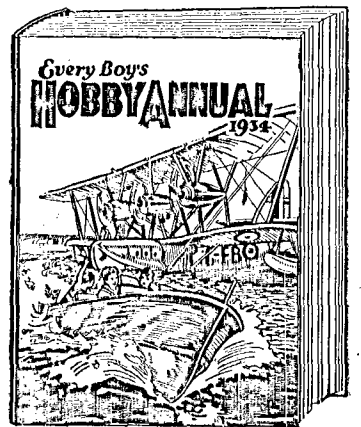
"You'll have to have that tomorrow, m'm," was the reply. "I've started, but you ordered split peas, and it's taken me hours to prepare just a few."

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## TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

ELSPETH had a grey rabbit called Cinders, which she loved very dearly.

Today she had him out of his hutch in the middle of the lawn, where she was feeding him with cabbage leaves. Her mother let her have Cinders out if she promised to look after him and not let him get through the hedge into Mrs Drew's garden next door.

Once Cinders had got into Mrs Drew's garden and ate some very precious seedlings, and Mrs Drew was very cross. Elspeth's mother said if Cinders ever got through the hedge again he would not be allowed out of his hutch; so Elspeth was very careful.

Now she wanted to run in and fetch her toy cart to give Cinders a ride. The rabbit was

quite quiet eating his leaves and it would only take a minute to fetch the cart, so off she ran to get it. But on the way she upset a vase of



There he was

flowers, and had to stop to wipe up the water.

That took a few minutes. When she got back to the garden there was only a heap

of half-eaten cabbage leaves on the lawn. No Cinders! Elspeth searched wildly in the flower-beds, and then peered through the hedge into the next-door garden, with her heart beating fast. There she saw a little grey object disappearing into a clump of Michaelmas daisies.

Poor Elspeth! The only thing to do was to go in bravely and confess, and get the culprit back. She rang the bell tremblingly, and Cook, who answered the door, said Mrs Drew was out.

"I'm afraid my rabbit has got into your garden," said Elspeth, biting her lip.

"Hum!" grunted Cook.

"It went among those Michaelmas daisies," said Elspeth, bending down.

## CINDERS RUNS AWAY

The cook pushed aside the leaves and there, curled among them, was a little grey kitten!

"Why, it isn't Cinders after all!" cried Elspeth joyfully.

"It's the missus's new kitten," remarked Cook. "I couldn't find it anywhere, and the missus would blame me when she came in. So it's an ill wind blows nobody any good. I hope you'll find your rabbit," she added.

Elspeth raced home to look for Cinders; and to her great delight she found him peacefully eating the lettuces in the bed at the end of their own garden.

"Oh, Cinders!" cried Elspeth, hugging him; "I'll never leave you alone when you're free again, even for one little minute."